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Two Sides of a Sentiment.

When two-year-old May-Blossom
Comes down in clean white dress
And runs to find "dear Auntie,"
And claim her sweet caress;—
Then Auntie takes up Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, pretty Baby Blossom—if you were *only* mine!"

When Blossom, in the pantry,
High mounted on a chair,
Has nibbled at the icing
Until half the cake is bare,
Then Auntie puts down Blossom,
And her eyes—they glow and shine,
"Oh, naughty Baby Blossom—if you were only *mine!*"

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Poems by Two Little American Girls.

[*St. Nicholas Magazine.*]

Elaine and Dora Read Goodale, the two sisters some of whose poems are here given, are children of thirteen and ten years of age.

Their home, where their infancy and childhood have been passed, is on a large and isolated farm, lying upon the broad slopes of the beautiful Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, and is quaintly called "Sky Farm."

Here, in a simple country life, divided between books and nature, they began, almost as soon as they began to talk, to express in verse what they saw and felt, rhyme and rhyme seeming to come by instinct. Living largely out-of-doors, vigorous and healthful in body as in mind, they draw pleasure and instruction from all about them.

One of their chief delights is to wander over the lovely hills and meadows adjoining Sky Farm. Peeping into mossy dells, where wild flowers love to hide, hunting the early arbutus, the queen hare-bell, or the blue gentian, they learn the secrets of nature, and these they pour forth in song as simply and as naturally as the birds sing.]

The Grumbler.

His Youth.

His coat was too thick and his cap was too thin,
He couldn't be quiet, he hated a din;
He hated to write, and he hated to read,
He was certainly very much injured indeed:
He must study and work over books he detested,
His parents were strict, and he never was rested;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Maturity.

His farm was too small and his taxes too big,
He was selfish and lazy, and cross as a pig;
His wife was too silly, his children too rude;
And just because he was uncommonly good,
He never had money enough or to spare,
He had nothing at all fit to eat or to wear;
He knew he was wretched as wretched could be,
There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

His Old Age.

He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears,
He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years:
He grumbles to think he has grumbled away
His home and his fortune, his life's little day.
But, alas! 'tis too late—it is no use to say
That his eyes are too dim, and his hair is too gray.
He knows he is wretched as wretched can be,
There is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.

—*Dora Goodale (ten years old).*

June.

For stately trees in rich array,
For sunlight all the happy day,
For blossoms radiant and rare,
For skies when daylight closes,
For joyous, clear, outpouring song
From birds that all the green wood throng,
For all things young, and bright, and fair,
We praise thee, Month of Roses!

For blue, blue skies of summer calm,
For fragrant odors breathing balm,
For quiet, cooling shades where oft
The weary head reposes,
For brooklets babbling thro' the fields
Where Earth her choicest treasures yields,
For all things tender, sweet and soft,
We love thee, Month of Roses!

—*Elaine Goodale (thirteen years old).*

Ashes of Roses.

[Grown people often write in sympathy with children, but here is a little poem by a child written in sympathy with grown folks:]

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

—*Elaine Goodale (thirteen years old).*

An Impudent Puppy.

Pretty, saucy Kitty went swinging up and down, up and down, her light muslin dress waving and fluttering in the breeze.

"Glorious, Rupert, isn't it?" she cried, calling to her pet and companion, a huge, shaggy dog. "But where are you? Why don't you answer, sir?" And swinging more slowly, she looked everywhere around her.

Kitty was down at the bottom of the old-fashioned garden at the back of her father's farm-house, where a swing had been put up for her in a little grove of trees.

Suddenly a merry voice cried out, "Here!" and a handsome young man leaped the low fence, and advanced towards her, laughing merrily, and doffing his hat.

Kitty was out of the swing and on her feet in an instant, her eyes flashing, her figure drawn up to its full height. She looked prettier than ever in her indignation.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, bowing half-mockingly; "but I was taking a short cut across the field when I heard you call me."

"Call you!"

Kitty looked as if she would annihilate him.

"Certainly," with the utmost coolness, "You called 'Rupert,' didn't you?"

"I was calling my dog, sir," said Kitty, with infinite hauteur.

"Well, I'm not exactly a dog," was the laughing answer; "but I've often been called 'an impudent puppy—at your service, miss."

He bowed again, profoundly.

"I should think so," snapped Kitty, stamping her little foot. And she muttered to herself, not expecting to be heard: "Impudence!"

The stranger heard the word, nevertheless. His manner changed. He became as serious and deferential as the most chivalrous knight of old in the presence of his mistress.

"I beg pardon; I'm afraid I'm trespassing. But the path through the field was trodden as if one had the right of way there, and I heard you call—well, I made a mistake." Again the mirthful look danced in his eyes. "Good morning."

He swept the very ground with his hat, as he executed another profound bow, and then turned and, putting his hand on the top of the fence, vaulted over, and the next moment was out of sight.

Kitty did not swing any more that day, but went back to the house, muttering: "Impudent fellow!" while the real Rupert, who had started off chasing a rabbit, reappeared at this juncture, and accompanied her. But this was not the Rupert she meant, when she said "the impudent fellow."

A week passed. Kitty saw no more of the stranger, though she often wondered whom he could be, and if he were staying in the neighborhood. At the end of that time she attended an evening party at Squire Stacey's. Almost the first person she saw on entering the room was the handsome stranger.

"I wish to introduce you to my nephew," said the squire, leading that personage up to Kitty. "His name, by baptism, is Rupert Mortimer; but he is such a saucy fellow that he is best known among his friends as 'that impudent puppy.'"

The eyes of the young people met. Young Mr. Mortimer's were dancing with fun. For the life of her Kitty could not help laughing. So they laughed in concert, and he said, bowing low, and repeating the same words he had used in the garden:

"Yes, 'that impudent puppy—at your service, miss.'"

"He is making sport of me," said Kitty to herself, and drew herself up haughtily; and for the rest of the interview she was cold and reserved, confining herself to monosyllabic replies. Very soon, at the appearance of one of her many admirers, she excused herself, and went off to dance.

"A bit of a Tartar, I'm afraid," soliloquized Rupert Mortimer. "But how pretty she is. She looks, too, as though she had a noble character; and she can take her own part, as I have found to my cost. But I'm afraid she has been spoilt by admiration. To get into her good graces one must go on his very knees to her; and, faith! it is almost worth while to do it. But no, Rupert Mortimer, my boy, keep your self-respect." Then, with a laugh, "'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'"

Yet often that evening Rupert found himself, as if by some magnetic attraction, drawn to Kitty's side. Kitty, too, could not help occasionally glancing admiringly at his handsome face and graceful figure.

Balls, pic-nics and croquet parties followed each other in rapid succession, for the summer was a gay one. Kitty and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow, Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous when others attempted to pay her attentions. As yet, however, no words of love passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all by a too premature avowal; especially as, once or twice, when he had ventured to approach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.

A final pic-nic had been planned to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on until luncheon time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quite ramble with Kitty after this meal, and if things went well, to speak of his love. But he had counted without his host, for when luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Stacy, who had called him to her side to wait on her, lo! Kitty had disappeared. Full of jealous fears, and determined to find out who was his rival, he seth forth through the woods to discover Kitty.

He had not gone far before her favorite dog came bounding toward him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stooped to pat his namesake, the dog darted ahead; then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again.

"What can he mean?" said Rupert.

A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong, and he hurried on, the dog rapidly leading the way.

At last, in an opening of the woods, on a moss-covered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, breathless, and apparently in pain. In a moment he was at her side. All his jealousy was gone. Love was uppermost now.

"Oh! darling," he cried, "what is it? Thank Heaven I have found you."

"Oh! Mr. Mortimer," she cried, with a little sob, "how glad I am to see you. I began to think I should have to stay all night alone. I've sprained my ankle and I can't walk. What shall I do?" And she burst into tears.

Our hero took both the little hands, and held them tightly in his own, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meantime how he came to find her.

"But how," exclaimed Kitty, ruefully, when he had done—"how am I ever to get back? I don't believe I can walk a step."

"Of course you can't. Who said you could?" cried Rupert. "But you'll get back right, all the same, for I intend to carry you."

"Carry me!" Kitty gave a little scream, and shrank back, and covered her face with both her hands, for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks. "Oh, no; that will never do;" and she blundered out unthinkingly, "what will people say?"

But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little cared he what people said. Without a word he put his arms around Kitty, and, lifting her bodily from her feet, walked off with her as if she had been a feather-weight.

At first, Kitty struggled a little; but the strong, manful arms held her closely, and soon she began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful.

"At any rate," she said to herself, "I can't help it; he is too masterful to resist."

With this comforting conclusion, her fair head sank on his shoulder, and for the first time in her short life Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.

Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own carriage, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.

"There, now," he said, "I shall take you home immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobody can drive you with so little pain as I can," he added, seeing she was about to object. "Besides, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your hand in, for sometime you are going to be my wife, you know."

"Your wife?" cried Kitty.

She gave a pout and a toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger either. Yes; blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.

"Of course," retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the carriage, and took his seat beside her, looking half-fondly into her eyes which fell before him. "I have meant it all along. Didn't you, dearest?"

"Really, you are the most 'impudent puppy' I ever saw," retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.

But, for all that, she did not repulse the kiss with which, before starting, Rupert thought it necessary to fortify himself for the journey.

What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.

"Do you know," said Rupert, one day, "that it was by the merest accident we ever knew each other? I had come down to my uncle's for a single night only, when I saw you in the swing, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at first sight, and resolved to stay and make your acquaintance, even if it took all the summer."

"So I owe my happiness," answered Kitty, archly, "to my faithful dog—dear old fellow—being off guard that afternoon."

"And to an 'impudent puppy' coming along," retorted Rupert with a kiss, "just in the nick of time, and taking his place."

We have more power than will, and it is often by way of excuse to ourselves that we fancy things are impossible.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

"Remember June, 1859—Don't Strike, John"—The Swaying of Human affections—A Strange Scene.

"Don't strike me, John," said a prostrate wife in tones of unutterable tenderness; "remember June, 1859," and the upraised arm and clenched fist fell limp and powerless by the side of a strong man, and the wrinkles and scowls of anger softened, knees trembled, the form swayed, the human triumphed, the fountain of affection was reached, and the manly chest heaved with emotion; eyes, long strangers to tears, were moistened again, and with wild grief, mingled with remorse, shook the stalwart form which bent beneath the blast like a reed swaying in a tornado, Gods! what a scene! Children looked on in blank amazement. There was silence, disturbed only by moans and sobs and prayers. There were remorse, shame and poverty. There were hunger, cold and nakedness, and there was, besides, penitence. Better still, there was forgiveness, uttered in tones as sweet as angel's whispers. A strong man prone on his face, sobbing like the rain and moaning like the night winds. A wife bending over him and in gentle words repeating her forgiveness. Little ones still standing aloof, but hesitatingly, approaching their parents, every look and gesture an inquiry. O, the magic of those words, "Remember June, 1859!" What memories they called up! The home; the flowers; the aged parents; the altar; the plighted vows; the minister; the wedding; life's morning; the bright hopes; the glowing prospects; the friends of youth; graves of loved ones! How they came rushing through the mind of that poor penitent man—took possession of his brain; occupied every chamber of his memory; overwhelmed his soul and bore him to the earth. The case we recite was one of peculiar misfortune, of sorrow, of wretchedness. The man, a mechanic from New England, out of work—days and months destitute of the means to provide food—disappointments following each other in steady succession, until at last all is gone—no food for two days—insane—the cup—madness, strife and pandemonium—at last, attacking the mother of his children, and ready to deal a blow that might have resulted in death, but saved by the words: "Remember June, 1859." In the midst of this terrible scene a neighbor calls. The agony, the grief, the remorse, the penitence, had clothed the man in his right mind; but he had a realization of what he had done, and he at once unburdened his soul to his neighbor. The wife would have shielded him with her love; but no, he would confess his sin, anywhere, everywhere, before man, God, angels. It was the language of sobs, of unutterable contrition. The gentle wife would apologize. "No, Jane, let me tell it all," and he went on. He told of the old home, nestling among the far-away New England hills; of church and school; how he wooed and won his loving wife; of happy years; of the first sorrow when Bobby died and they laid him away among the daises on the sunny hillside; how others had come to brighten their home; and how he had struggled and at last fallen, and then the floods of grief were renewed. The neighbor was a man with a great heart and generous impulses. He had little house, presided over by a wife, his peer in all things; good and kind. Taking in the surroundings, he said; "John, come; pick up and go over to my house to-night, and maybe to-morrow something will turn up to your advantage." The invitation was accepted, and in a little while the family was beneath a hospitable roof. The good wife prepared supper, and the surroundings were so pleasant that woe seemed to be forgotten. The next day, most unexpectedly, employment was obtained. Some advance of wages was secured, and the desolate home put on a new and brighter aspect.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

An Old-Time Hanging.

Samuel Hulett, whose death at an advanced age was reported a few days ago, was one of the passengers in the mail coach between Philadelphia and Reading in 1830, when the horses were stopped and the passengers plundered by Wilson, Porter and Potete, whose arrest and trial, and execution of Porter were causes of much public feeling at the time. The mail coach was on its way to Reading, and had reached Turner's lane, a mile or two above the built up portion of the city, when the lead horses were suddenly brought to a stand and a pistol put at the head of the driver and one or more of the passengers, to intimidate them and prevent resistance. The money and jewels were surrendered upon demand, and no violence was used. It was supposed that the bank messenger, William Miller, who held for many years the situation of bailiff in the United States district court, would be in the coach, but he had been unable to reach the White Swan Hotel in time to take passage that morning. Porter and Wilson were captured in Philadelphia, but Potete was arrested in Baltimore, and, upon being brought on here, consented to take the witness stand against his confederates. Samuel Hulett was a material witness, and Porter and Wilson were convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The robbery of the mail was then a capital offense, when the lives of passengers or any one was put in jeopardy, as was done. Wilson was saved through the intercession of influential friends, but Porter expiated his crime upon the gallows, having on the day of the execution ridden upon his coffin from the Arch street prison to the hanging ground, not far from the Eastern penitentiary. Potete, who had committed a crime in Baltimore, was taken back there and served out a term of imprisonment. Wilson became an exemplary citizen, and was living when last heard of a few years ago.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Military Surgery in Turkey.

The following details will seem incredible to those who are not acquainted with the peculiar ways of the Turkish administration. An artillerist had his knee shattered at Sistova by the explosion of a shell, and after his wound had been temporarily dressed he was transported from the field of battle to Constantinople. In spite of his intense sufferings, he listened with the greatest interest to all the news from the seat of war. On his arrival in Constantinople, amputation was found to be necessary, but before the operation could be performed permission had to be obtained from the ministry of war. This permission must always be obtained before an amputation can be performed in a Turkish hospital, and it not infrequently happens that the patient dies before the civil functionaries have ceased deliberating on the demand of the surgeons. Fortunately for our artillerist his case was pushed through with exceptional rapidity, and the desired permit was given after a delay of only eight or ten days. The brave soldier, who had awaited the pleasure of the administration with the most exemplary patience, bore the operation with heroic courage; there is still hope that his life will be saved.

Great souls have wills; others only feeble wishes.

Japanese Firemen.

Says an English periodical in a graphic account of Japanese firemen and the methods employed by them in extinguishing fires: It was a big fire—there was no doubt about it. In Constantinople and New York, fairly big events of this sort occasionally occur, and are made much of, but to see King Fire in all his awful power and glory, Japan should be visited. Although we had been pretty prompt in obeying the alarm bell, we found that the fire had already made considerable progress, and at first, unprotected as we were by helmets or hoods, we found it difficult even to look at the raging scene before us. All we could make out was a vast expanse of dancing flame, intersected by jets of smoke, and the black outlines of burned or burning buildings. By degrees we became accustomed, and we saw our brigade double up into action, place the engine in position, squirt at the flames, which seemed to have the most undisputed mastery everywhere, and send forward the hook and ladder men—reckless fellows, who seemed to have the utmost contempt for flames and falling timber, and who went into the danger as if they were going to a wedding. To us, accustomed to the stern, silent, business-like manner of the London firemen, there was something savoring of burlesque in the efforts of these Yeddo brigades to combat the flames. The general effect was that of what is known as a pantomine "rally"—every one howling, shouting, running to and fro, and upsetting one another, amid a shower of beams, tiles, and articles of furniture, without any apparent order or method. There was a great deal of movement and a great deal of uproar, and, during the whole performance, the flames seemed to wander just where they pleased, singeing here, blistering there, but, as a rule, completely gutting what they came in contact with. Meanwhile, our engine had come to utter grief. But this, to our eyes, was of very little consequence, as it had served simply to dampen the jackets of the firemen; so it was removed, and all the energies of the brigade were devoted to the object of preventing the spread of the fire by the whole demolition of houses. With this object in view the hook and ladder men were sent forward into the houses which were more immediately threatened with destruction, while the battering rams—huge piles of wood with tremendous iron forks at the ends—were run up under the charge of the most stalwart coolies of the brigade. The captain, armed with a huge standard, was sitting straddle-legged on the roof of a house, and by his movements those of the brigade were directed. Until he retreated not a man dared to dream of yielding an inch, and we trembled for the safety of our fine old friend as we saw him apparently alone in a blaze of flame, or half hidden in the dense volumes of smoke, which rose from the burning masses on all sides of him. And here we may remark that although the discipline of the brigades, their methods of procedure, and their total unbusiness-like air of doing everything were to be condemned in toto, too high praise cannot be bestowed on the individual pluck and agility of the members. We in Europe are now familiar with the extraordinary feats of Japanese acrobats, but to see this skill and agility put to a practical use one should "assist" at a Yeddo fire. When the word is given for the hook and ladder men to go into action, it is a treat to see some score of muscular, active-limbed young fellows, not one of whom pauses a moment to look at the danger into which he is going headlong, dash into the houses already tottering to their fall, swarm on the roofs, swing from rafter to rafter, struggle up almost perpendicular slopes of loose tiles, often with a rope in their mouths, jump over yawning chasms of flame as if they were two-foot ditches, fasten the grapples to the blazing timbers, jump down and signal an "all right" to a gang of coolies below, who are hanging to the chain or rope. The wall totters backward and forward for a minute, but extra mettle is put into a final pull, and down comes the whole blazing side of a house, burying half-a-dozen firemen, sending up a huge pillar of smoke and sparks to the sky, and calling forth a tremendous yell from the admiring crowd. Scarcely has it fallen when a dozen active fellows are hard at work with their fire-hooks. From under one heap of timbers jump out two or three of the hook and ladder men, who rub their bruises and laugh frantically. Out of a cavern of smouldering ashes crawls another, with an arm broken; while from the innermost recesses are pulled out two or three poor, blackened, mutilated remains of what were a few minutes back rollicking fellows in the prime and strength of manhood. These last are gently carried off on shutters and to-morrow will be followed to their last resting-place under the cryptomerias and azaleas on the hillside yonder by a crowd of relations and comrades, proud in the midst of their sorrow of the deaths met with in the public cause.

Shoemaking.

The shoemaker is a relic of antiquity, and lived and had his being as early as the twelfth century. He was accustomed to hawk his goods, and it is conjectured that there was a separate trade for annexing the soles. The Romans, in classical times, wore cork soles in their shoes, to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and, as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies, who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under them. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobblers' stalls, which he, therefore, caused to be removed. In the middle ages shoes were cleaned by washing with a sponge and oil; soap and grease were the substitutes for blacking. Buckles were worn on the shoes in the fourteenth century. In Ireland a human skeleton was found with marks of buckles on the shoes. In England they became fashionable many years before the reign of Queen Mary. The laboring classes wore them of copper. Other persons had them of silver or copper gilt. Not long after shoes roses came in. Buckles revived before the revolution in 1789, and finally became extinct before the close of the eighteenth century.

Steam Power.

According to a statement in the *Polytechnic Review*, the aggregate steam motive power at present in use in the world is 3,500,000 horse-power employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse-power in locomotive engines, making a total of 13,500,000 horse-power. This force is maintained without the use of animal food, except by the miners who dig the coal and provide the fuel, and the force maintained in the muscles is to that generated by the product labor as about one to 1,000. This steam-power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man; the steam-power, therefore, is equivalent to the saving of food for 75,000,000 human beings. Again, three power-looms, attended by one man, produce daily seventy-eight pieces of cotton fabric against four pieces produced by one loom worked by one man in 1800, and so the list might be indefinitely extended of what is accomplished by the use of steam-power and labor-saving machinery.

MARK TWAIN AND THE MINER.

Mark's First and Only Attempt to Travel on His Nom De Plume—The Extraordinary Guests an Old Miner Had.

The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following report of the remarks of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, at the banquet given in honor of Mr. John G. Whittier in that city recently:

MR. CHAIRMAN: This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore, I will drop lightly into history myself. Standing here on the shore of the Atlantic and contemplating certain of its biggest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me fifteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly Californiaward. I started an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log cabin in the foot hills of the Sierras just at nighsfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume*, de looked more dejected than before. He let me in—pretty reluctantly, I thought—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee and a hot whisky, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth literary man that's been here in twenty-four hours—I'm going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I; "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!"

You can easily believe I was surprised. I supplicated—three hot whiskys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. He said:

"They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to] Yo Yosemite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing, everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as 300, and had double chains all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize-fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—like as if he had a wig made of hair brushes, His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the button-hole, and says he:

"'Through the deep caves of thought
I hear a voice that sings:
Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul!'

"Says I, 'I can't afford it Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then he takes me aside by the button-hole and says:

"Give me agates for my meat;
Give me cantharides to eat;
From air and ocean bring me foods,
From all zones and altitudes.'

"Say I, 'Mr. Emerson if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' You see it sort of riled me; I wasn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-swearing over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and button-holes me, and interrupts me. Says be:

"'Honor be to Mudjikeewis!
You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis—'

"But I broke in, and says I, 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden and yells,

"'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
For I would drink to other days.'

"By George, I was getting kind of worked up. I don't deny it, I was getting kind of worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry.' Them's the very words I said to him. Now I didn't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind of forced me. There ain't nothing onreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-treading on my tail three or four times but when it comes to standing on it, it's different, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight or you'll go dry. Well, between drinks, they'd swell round the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. Says Mr. Longfellow,

"'This is the forest primeval.'

Says Mr. Emerson:

"'Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.'

"Says I: 'O, blackguard the premises as much as you want to—it don't cost you a cent.' Well, they went on drinking, and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing cutthroat euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust. I began to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says:

"'I am the doubter and the doubt—'

and calmly bunched the hands, and went to shuffling for a new lay-out. Says he,

"'They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep. I pass, and deal again!'

"Hang'd if he didn't go ahead and do it, too! Oh, he was a cool one. Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye that he judged he had 'em. He had already corraled two tricks, and each of the others one. So now he kind of lifts a little in his chair, and says:

"'I tire of globes and aces!—
Too long the game is played!'

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie, and says:

"'Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!'

—and dog my cats, if he didn't down with another right bower! Well, Sir, up jumps Holmes, a-war-whooping, as usual, and says:

"'God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!'

—and I wish I may go to grass if he didn't swoop down with another right bower. Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow clasps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he: 'Order, gentlemen; the first man that draws. I'll lay down on him and smother him?' All quiet on the Potomac, you bet you!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so, now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says, 'The bulliest thing I ever wrote was "Barbara Frietchie."' Says Longfellow, 'It doesn't begin with my "Biglow Papers."' Says Holmes, 'My "Thanatopsis" lays over 'em both.' They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company, and Mr. Emerson pointed at me and says:

"'Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed.'

"He was a whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. Well, sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing, 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what I've been through, my friend. When I woke at seven, they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his own under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on there, Evangeline, what are you going to do with them?' He says: 'Going to make tracks with 'em; because—

"'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.'

"As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in twenty-four hours—and I'm a going to move—I ain't suited to a literary atmosphere."

I said to the miner: "Why, my dear sir, these were not the gracious singers to whom we and the world pay homage; these were imposters."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while, then said he: "Ah, imposters were they?—are you?" I didn't pursue the subject, and since then I haven't traveled on my *nom de plume* enough to hurt. Such was the reminiscence I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little, but you will easily forgive me that fault, since it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this.

Early Morning Sights in a City.

It is interesting occasionally to arise early in the morning and see the city get up and shake itself into wakefulness. Scarcely a sound is heard as you walk out, but presently the street-lamp man comes dodging along on a rapid walk, stopping at every point to turn out the gas. He disappears around the corner, leaving a track of semi-darkness behind him, and then comes the paper carrier, with a great, heavy sack dangling at his side, which he gradually lightens by pulling out the damp sheets, one by one, sticking them under doors, tossing over transoms, and throwing through upper windows with an unerring precision of aim quite remarkable. He dodges about from one side of the street to the other, aiming for this house, missing that, and then darting over again to the opposite side to repeat the same manœuvre. After him comes the grimy laboring man with a tin dinner-bucket, hastening to his work on the other side of town, hurrying by and paying no heed to the inebriated loafer embracing a lamp-post, and accosting him with:

"Uh-uh-ick! Myfrenwat—uh-ich's your hurry?"

Then comes a belated milk-cart, rattling over the cobble-stones with a noise nothing else under heaven can make, turning the corner on one wheel, and disappearing like an ill-founded hope. The noise dies away in the distance, and then comes an omnibus on its way to the depot, regardless of dreams and visions.

In the all-night saloon two or three ill-looking men, with breath like pestilence, are standing at the counter with half empty glasses, condemning the conduct of some absent one who had done something scandalous, and "went back on his pards, who allus treated him white, an' would a' died to do him a good turn." The barkeeper rubs his sleepy eyes, looks uneasily at the clock quite frequently, pours himself out something very red, gulps it down with watery eyes, takes a walk to the door, looks impatiently out, slams it with a disappointed bang, returns and says: "Brandy Bill is at his old tricks agin." The others drain their glasses, after many hand-shakings all round, and when a man with a shocky head and a gift-book cover staggers in, and swears he never drinks alone "if there's a stranger of white principles in the room," and wants to know "what pizen suits 'em best," he at once takes the position of honor, and inhales more foul breath in the shape of friendly protestation than a mule would put up with, without kicking the roof off.

At the hotels the scrubbing brigade has commenced its daily battle with dirt, and the clerk yawns on his stool and twirls his moustache with the air of a task.

A little later and the newsboys are out, with noses red with cold, shouting their journals in quavering tones, and importuning every straggling passer-by with a persistence encountered in no other calling. Then come the street-cars with yawning drivers, and now and then a passenger, who rubs his eyes, and thinks regretfully of the recently vacated couch. The footfalls on the sidewalk become more frequent and less reverberating. In the market the scene is lively and animated. The torches flare and splutter in the wind, and at slight distance give to the view a weird, fantastic look, but on closer approach the abrupt outlines mellow down and fade away. The potatoes and cabbages jostle the poetic element out of sight, and the matter-of-fact plodding faces of the venders remind you that life is sordid and stern.

The gray dawn rolls away, and the first straggling sunbeams chase each other over housetops. Shop-boys are busy unbarring and opening up, sweeping out and getting things in trim for the day's battle with profit and loss. Thicker come the passing feet; men and boys, girls and women, hurrying forth to take up the yoke of toil for bread. Stir and bustle soon take the places of quiet and rest; the streets are noisy with the roll of vehicles and the sound of business. The great city has thrown off her slumbers, and the cares and duties of another day are ushered in.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

On Neutral Ground.

A singular circumstance occurred in the office of a steel company, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a few days ago. The authorized agents of the Russian and Turkish governments respectively met there, each for the purpose of contracting for bayonets to be used by the two belligerent parties among the mountains of Turkey. With a look of mutual surprise the two gentlemen met each other very affably, and discussed to some extent their common business. A single test satisfied both that they could get the goods they wanted, and ordered, the one 300,000, and the other 600,000 bayonets, with which to impale their fellow subjects. The steel company, on the occasion, displayed the quintessence of neutrality.

An Aged Apple Tree.

There is standing in the town of Wethersfield, Conn., an English Bearmain apple tree of mammoth dimensions, measuring, one foot from the ground, ten feet and eleven inches in circumference. It yielded fruit, according to tradition, for nearly a century before the revolution, was brought from England by William Tryan, and set out on his farm, which has since been divided into smaller ones. Upon one of these sections, now belonging to a Mrs. Loveland, stands this venerable tree. It is in a good bearing condition, having borne excellent fruit last year.

GREAT DEER SLAYERS.

A Man who has Killed One Thousand Deer—The Death of Greeley.

The *Post* of Pittsburg, Pa., says: One of the principal deer slayers in Pennsylvania is Andrew Stiner, of Myerstown, Lebanon county. For nearly forty years Stiner has camped out in the Allegheny mountains during the season for killing the deer, and many are the stories he can relate of his exciting chase or patient watch in the stillness of the woods, miles away from human habitation. In the early times Stiner's uncle settled in the neighborhood of Bennington Furnace, now on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, between Altoona and the big tunnel, and it was while visiting the old uncle that Andrew got a fondness for deer hunting, which in his after years has been his only amusement.

For the last twenty years Stiner's stalking ground has been in the head waters of the Big and Black Moshanon, in Center and Clearfield counties. His companions have been, for many seasons, three men of that neighborhood, who are familiar with all the spurs and creeks of that mountainous region. Jacob Test, John Funk and William Ream have camped out with Stiner every season since 1856. Ream lives at Osceola, Clearfield county, and Test and Funk near Tyone. These men mark the crossings of the deer through the summer, his retreats and feeding grounds. They put up a cabin near these places, and prepare the bunks and cooking arrangements. Then Stiner is sent for. He comes with the ammunition, blankets, gum boots, and such other articles as are essential to a lumberman's life, for his three friends are loggers by occupation, and the annual hunt is not the sole occupation of their lives. They take out a supply of provisions, and, with well-filled straw bunks in a dry shanty, plenty of robes and blankets, and a good stove, they fix themselves nicely. For several years their cabin has been sixteen miles from Phillipsburg toward the Snow-shoe mountains. Last year Stiner brought back with him from that locality to Eyerstown an express car load of venison.

Ream has himself killed over one thousand, and it is said that Jacob Test and Funk are not far behind him. Last year an immense seven-pronged buck baffled every attempt to bring him down. It became a regular saying that they were going out to kill Greeley, for such they have named this unusually large deer. Stiner and Ream got after him. There was a light sift of snow upon the ground, just enough to trace the blood drops of a wounded buck or doe, and they started early to the crossings.

These men, from long experience, become very familiar with the habits and haunts of the deer, and know the particular kinds of weather in which they seek the hill tops, or when they go down into gorges of the mountain. Fully three days before a heavy snow storm the deer all quit the mountain tops and seek the big laurel swamps for food and shelter until the storm is over. After it has passed, if the weather gets colder, they leave the swamps and take to the high ridges of the mountain. Their sense of smell and of hearing is very acute. They must be approached against the wind; the hunter must face the blast in his travels after deer, or he never will as much as get a sight at one. The deer cannot see any distance, and on rainy days, when the leaves are wet, you may often approach within a few yards of them without being observed. Indeed this Stiner party have, on damp days, when the leaves are so wet that the sound of every footstep would be deadened, approached within twenty feet of the largest bucks before they took the alarm, which in those cases were of short duration. For the aim of the trusty rifle was a true as its fire was deadly.

The day that Stiner and Ream shot the big seven-pronged buck Greeley they had started for him early. Late in the afternoon as Stiner was standing watch at the door of the deer crossings, he saw Greeley coming full tilt toward him. Stiner and Ream were close together on Black Bear Run, and distant about ten miles from their cabin. Stiner gave him a shot, but the deer increased its speed, and leaped the creek, which at that place was twenty feet wide, at one bound. Ream hearing the sound of Stiner's rifle, came up, only to be told that he had missed Greeley, but upon the examination of the ground it was discovered that Greeley had been wounded, and it was determined that Ream, who could run all day like a hound, should follow up the trail. He had not gone twenty steps when he came across the big buck, which had been pierced through the heart. It was eight years old, and weighed 260 pounds when dressed.

These old deer hunters have a great aversion to the big fox hound in chasing deer. Nearly all the old hunters use the half hound dog. These dogs cannot run a deer more than two hours, and serve as signals when the deer have been found. The deer are said to be on the increase in the mountains of Pennsylvania this year.

What a Bundle Contained.

There were five of them from the Monumental District, and having feasted to their heart's content on the great variety of holiday goods on sale, they came tripping out of the spacious entrance of one of our dry goods stores, when they espied a nicely done up package, apparently dropped by one of the many seekers after holiday goods. A minute more and one of them had seized it and they were hurrying down the street speculating as to its contents. "I hope it is a good-sized dress pattern," says the happy owner, as she hugged it close for fear of its being spirited away. "If it was mine I would rather it would be a velvet cloak," cried one of the others, as she enviously eyed the packet. "Oh, I wouldn't; I'd rather it would be a new hat," was the comment of another; and so they speculated until they reached home, when the string was loosed, and their astonished and disappointed eyes rested on a very soiled and dilapidated pair of pants, probably just exchanged for a new pair, which the owner had worn off, leaving the old ones for a more unfortunate brother or sister.—*Boston Journal.*

A Buried Town Brought to Light.

An interesting archæological discovery has just been made in Italy—that of a buried town, a new Pompeii, unexpectedly found near Manfredonia, at the foot of Mount Gargano. A temple of Diana was first brought to light, and then a portico about twenty metres in length, with columns without capitals, and, finally, a necropolis covering 15,000 squre metres (about three and three-quarter acres). A large number of inscriptions have been collected, and some of them have been sent to the museum at Naples. The town discovered is the ancient Sipontum of which Strabo, Potybeus and Livy speak, and which was buried by an earthquake. The houses are twenty feet below the surface of the soil. The Italian government has taken measures to continue the excavations on a large scale. Every day some fresh object of interest turns up. The latest is a monument erected in honor of Pompey after his victory over the pirates, and a large quantity of coins in gold and copper.

The Story of a "Hired Girl."

A Wheeling (W. Va.) correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* tells the following story: One day last summer a friend of mine called upon me, informing me that her girl wished to see me in regard to taking music lessons. Of course, I was somewhat surprised at the idea of a hired girl wanting to take music lessons. Mrs. D——, her employer, seemed to look upon her with the greatest respect. The children, from baby Lucy up to big Tom placed all confidence in her, and would run to Tillie with their little troubles in preference to mama, sometimes. After seeing Tillie, and making the necessary arrangements, it was her desire to come for her lessons in the evening, when she was free from her day's work. Mrs. D—— had given her the use of the piano for an hour or so in the afternoon. I was struck with her promptness and lady-like manners, and could but think her ambition was quite natural. All the autumn and winter she came out untiringly, perhaps her evening would pass and she would not come, but as sure as the next day came, with it came a neat note excusing herself on the ground that "the ironing was so large," or "Mr. D—— came in so late for supper," but I always missed the bright, sunny face when she failed to come. How I used to watch those poor red, stiff hands toiling over the keys. "Music and kitchen work do not agree very well, but I love my music so, it makes my task lighter in the kitchen," she would say cheerfully. Can it be, I would think, that she is to be looked down on simply because she was compelled to slave for somebody? Ah, no, she was doing her duty. It was the mission God had set out for her—and her reward would come by and by. One evening Tillie handed me a letter saying: "I want you to read the offer of another situation I have had." I little guessed the contents as I took it from her. To my astonishment and pleasure it was a manly, noble heart pleading for her life to be placed in his keeping. Every word spoke the true man, nothing sickly or sentimental; just such a letter as I would want to receive under similar circumstances, and the writer, I knew the name well, and knew him to be a perfect man. I could but say as I handed back the letter, "I hope you accepted." "Yes," and there was a wealth of happiness in the clear blue eyes, and some tears, too, I imagined. "I never knew what it was to live before. Just the thought that there is one person in the world to care for me in such happiness." Then she told me how, after receiving his letter, she wrote to him telling him she was but a poor girl, it would be better for them not to meet—"he came to me in a few evenings telling me he knew exactly how poor I was, he asked me for nothing but my heart and hand—could I refuse?" Blessings on such girls. In place of foolishly running the streets, she devoted her spare moments to music and good reading. My Tillie presides over a pleasant little home all her own, and looks up to her handsome lord wondering like the old woman, "Can it be I?"

Canceling a Church's Debt.

The New York *Tribune* of a recent issue says: The Church of the Holy Trinity (the Rev. Dr. Steven H. Tyng, Jr., rector) yesterday pledged $150,000 toward canceling its heavy debt of $236,000. This remarkable result was due largely to the earnest and inspiring appeals of Edward Kimball, the "church debt raiser," as he is sometimes called, from his remarkable success in relieving churches of crushing burdens of debt—and of Dr. Tyng, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, and Roswell C. Smith. It was announced from the pulpit yesterday morning that the debt would be raised then and there. Checks were passed around, and while addresses were being delivered, papers all over the house were being rapidly covered with significant figures. The munificent gifts of one person after another were received with a quiet satisfaction that spoke volumes for the success of the plan; and the rapidity with which checks were handed in, and their amounts, showed an enthusiastic devotion which took no thought of hard times. It was pleasant to note the interest taken in the subscription by the women and girls, and the many little clubs they formed, pledging themselves to sums large and small, were practical proofs of their zeal.

Before the morning wore away $110,000 had been subscribed and enthusiasm was at fever heat. The church was crowded and the remarkable success of so short a season aroused hopes of raising the whole amount that day. It was not thought wise to dismiss the congregation while in so satisfactory a mood, so a nice little lunch was provided for all, and all were invited to remain. Messengers carried explanatory notes to many homes. Those who sent no word received many calls of inquiry during the afternoon. In fact the courteous ushers were kept very busy, reassuring anxious friends, who came to discover why the most regular persons in the world, who had never been away from home before without sending word, had not returned. When the character of the extra meeting was learned, numbers came in more rapidly than ever. Occasionally some overwearied lady would leave the church, but her place would soon be filled by a fresh arrival. The gentlemen sat quietly through with tireless patience.

The morning session did not really end until half-past five. Then a short recess was taken until half-past six, the evening session continuing until nearly eleven o'clock. Among the subscriptions made during the day and evening were seven pledges of $10,000 each; nine of $5,000 each; one of $3,000; two of $2,000; eight of $1,000, and the remainder in smaller sums. The subscriptions are to be paid within six months on condition that the whole amount of the debt is subscribed.

How Congressmen Live.

Says "Gath," in a recent Weshington letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* Diet, exercise, little company, no public dinners, home habits, secretiveness; these are the life-buoys of a Congressman. I see some men here, guiltless on every other score, who are wrecks from dining out merely, The high climate of this country would soon kill the most seasoned English statesmen if fed as well as at home. There is the bitters of concentrated Angostura or the brandy cocktail before dinner. The larded meats are pressed upon the palate by wines which inevitably drift into long potations of champagnes, ranging from the lightest Verzenay to the brandy-strong green seal. After all this, and animated conversation, in whose wisdom the intellect has appeared to touch the gods, the man is put to bed, and sleeps under nature's deadest convulsion until morning, when he relies upon the bath to revive the hot skin, and release the brain to public work. Frightful is the waste of tissue ever going on. The animated mind is the speediest lost; in the time of potation come the familiarity and temptation, the loose tongue and easy commitment, the snare of women and the social injury. There are public men in Washington who pour out the wine they never taste, and still it seems that they also are caught up with by the consequences. I see sick men here who offered the cup and never drank. Hebe had no brother; he died before she carried the cup.

ULTIMATE AMERICA.

The Past, the Present and the Future of the Country—Interesting Predictions.

A lecture upon the future position of America among the countries of the earth, was delivered recently in New York by the Rev. Joseph Cook, who was introduced to his audience by William Cullen Bryant. We make the following interesting extracts from the lecture:

Sir Charles Dilke, the English traveler, the lecturer said, says that after he had seen cultured New England, he looked back and did not seem to himself to have seen America. After his tour through the South and the West, he had the same feeling. It was only when he had sailed on the Pacific out of sight of the continent that he obtained a conception of America and the American character. He should have been more cautious. He should have sailed in imagination above the lakes, and seen what the population can be, and therefore probably will be. He should have seen how corrupt great cities can become. He should have inquired what the ultimate relation between rich and poor will be when a still larger part of New Englane shall have become a factory and the great West a tilled farm. He should have considered how far political vices can spread; he should have breathed the air of the marshes as well as of the mountain peak. He should have taken counsel of Orion, as a thousand years from now he stands at the zenith, shaking his locks of sidereal fire above land and lake. He should have done all this before saying that he had formed a conception of America.

It is very trite to say it, and yet it is an inspired truth, that the Roman eagles, when their wings were strongest, never flew as far as from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. Open the compasses until they touch on the one side Thebes and on the other side London, and they will not span the green fields and the steepled cities between the Bay of Fundy and the Pacific coast. Do not not forget that California is larger than England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and Texas than France. Of course, I do not forget that bigness is not greatness. But bigness is opportunity, and opportunity employed is greatness. De Tocqueville has never been unwise because he said that North America alone would some day sustain 150,000,000 people. Crowd our 40,000,000 of population into Texas and they would have more elbow room than the people of France. From this crowding comes the danger.

It is not commonly known that the amount of arable soil in North and South America is greater than that in Europe, Asia and Africa put together, and can therefore sustain more lives. This is no rash conclusion. I speak from a scientific basis, and I will show you what that basis is. Our continent is narrow, and therefore the winds of ocean water it well. The mountain chains on the east side of the American continent are low; on the east side of the Old World they are very high. From this it results that the trade winds, laden with the wetness of the sea, are admitted to our land. The breadth of the Old World and its high eastern ranges cause the rainless interiors of Asia and Africa. Again, America is the land of fat plains; the Old World of scorched plains. Our plains run north and south, and so admit and receive the rains. The impulse of southern winds is the cause of our hot summers, the impulse of northern winds of our cold winter, but our mountain ranges run north and south, so that the sun, as he approaches and leaves them, shines far into their gorges, and the forests grow up their slopes. America is high under the equator, the Old World is low; America is narrow under the equator; the Old World is wide. Hence with us a smaller surface is exposed to the scorching sun. As the result of all this, cutting out the mountains, the scorched and frozen portions from each continent, and the remant of productive soil (as the scholars say, I do not assert it on my own authority) is 10,000,000 square miles in the Old World and 11,000,000 in the New. Thus bursts upon us in all the light of scientific truth the fact that America can sustain a greater population than the Old World, and if she can, it is unquestionable that she some day will. In this circumstance I hear the echoes of fate, with whose footfalls it is fitting that the centuries should keep step. Some of us who are not yet very old have seen our population increase from 17,000,000 to 40,000,000. You, sir, (addressing Mr. Bryant) have seen it increase from 8,000,000 to 40,000,000. In 1790 the pivotal point, about which, if it were a solid body, our population would swing, was a little east of Baltimore. Now it is a little east of Cincinnati. As Professor Walker shows, it has changed forty-five feet since morning. I ask you to pause over this pivotal point, for perhaps our faults chiefly arise from the fact that we have been a frontier people. Around this point have gathered many of the causes of our national peculiarities.

Suppose that there are a 100,000,000 persons in all America in the year 2,000. This is surely a moderate estimate, for now there are 84,000,000. Suppose that after the year 2,000 our increase is one per cent. a year, or less than the present increase in England and Germany. It is said that the imagination is audacious, but the reason is more so. On this basis, what do we find the future of America to be? Its population in the year 2600 would be 6,460,000,000. The "Encyclopedia Britannica" affirms that North and South America can furnish sustenance for 3,600,000,000. Europe has an average population of eighty persons to the square mile. We have an area of 15,000,000 square miles. If we conclude (and why may we not?) that we shall some day have as large an average, our population will be 1,200,000,000.

Shadow Pictures.

A house was recently moved from one end of Napa, Cal., to the other, a portion of the frame being sawn off and left behind for the family to occupy temporarily. Across the exposed front of this shell were stretched several sheets, and behind the curtain the family lived, moved and had their domestic being. When the lamp was lighted, and the family sat down to supper, a crowd gathered on the sidewalk and remained there until there was darkness within. It was a most interesting series of shadow pictures. The potatoes as they passed into the mouths looked on the screen like pumpkins pitchforked into haymows, and the spoons and forks were enlarged so as to represent base-ball clubs and shillelehs. The sons and daughters of toil finished their supper and went to bed, utterly unconscious that they had been illustrating Brobdingnag for the benefit of their neighbors.

Valuable Literary Treasures.

The manuscript of Washington's farewell address is in possession of the new Lenox Library in New York. Mr. Lenox purchased it for $2,003, a very small price compared with what it would now sell for. This library contains many other very rare treasures among which is a superb copy of the Mazarin Bible, printed at Mentz by Gutenberg, and completed in 1455, the first book printed with movable type, and still, singular to say, one of the noblest typographical monuments in existence. There are only two copies on this continent, the other soon to be sold by the executors of the late George Brinley, of Hartford. The last copies sold at the Perkins sale in London, June 6, 1873, brought for the one on vellum, $17,000; that on paper, $13,550.

He Won't Publish a Dream Book.

Some days since a citizen of Crawford street, Detroit, named John Wilmer had a rifle stolen from his house on Sunday, while the family were absent. There was no clue to the thief, but on a subsequent Monday night Mr. Wilmer dreamed that he met the man in Windsor who took his gun. He saw the thief so plainly in his dream that he crossed the river in search of him the following day. Wonderful to relate, he met the man of his dream on the street, and did not hesitate to collar him. More wonderful to relate the man he met proved to be a respectable citizen of the town, and indignant at being called a thief, he knocked the dreamer down and stepped on him pretty badly. Mr. Wilmer is not intending to publish a dream-book.

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ..........................EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Jan. 17, 1878.

Beecher says there is no hell. What else but hell was it that he raised when he didn't keep away from Tilton's?

The Watchman announces itself in favor of Sam'l H. Reynolds, of Lancaster, for governor.

Allegheny county democracy have instructed for Hopkins, for governor.

Dill, of Union, is thought by many to be the coming man for governor.

The man that can win should be the nominee.

The New Hampshire republicans in their state convention, last week, gave Hayes an out-and-out endorsement. Send the news to Conkling, and let Billie Chandler be the bearer of it.

This scores one for Hayes, and he may yet be a bigger man than old Conkling.

Dunning, Wall street broker, failed—liabilities $600,000.

E. & C. Elder, lumber merchants, Chicago, went over board—liabilities large.

Holt, leather firm, Albany, are gone up.

The democrats of the Ohio legislature, in caucus, decided to elect George H. Pendleton, to the U. S. Senate, in place of Stanley Matthews, republican. Ohio will then have two democrats in the senate.

Russia has Turkey down now, and it does not look as though England would interfere—she sees it would be a big job, and one that she might feel sorry for if undertaken. We expect soon to hear that peace will be arranged, and that Russia will get at least some of the advantages she has been longing for in the last thirty years. She has been anxious for the right to have a fleet in the Black sea and free passage through the Dardanelles into the Mediterranean sea. This is what John Bull is afraid of because he has been mistress of the seas so long, and Russia with a fleet and Black sea to build and train her navy in, would make her the rival naval power of England in Europe. Russia may also, and most likely will, claim some of the conquered territory which will give her additional strength as one of the great powers, particularly in that portion of Europe where the war has been waged. Taking all into consideration, it looks to us as though the Russian bear was going to be boss out there.

Candidates for the county offices to be filled next fall, are already stirring around. As nearly all the county offices are to be filled, the crop of candidates promises to be large. Some are out sowing their seed and wondering, "What will the harvest be." There is nothing wrong in any aspiration for office, when the means resorted to obtain a position, are fair and honorable, instead of deception and bribery and the other mysterious arts that politicians so well know how to make use of to obtain a nomination. Our advice to candidates is to go it on their merits; do honest electioneering; do not slander rival candidates, and let the best of feeling prevail, and then when the nomination is made, all wheel in for the election of the ticket. Much dissatisfaction is often caused, and the success of the party endangered where any other course is pursued. But when a canvass and nomination have been fairly made, it leaves no sores nor excuses for bolting.

We expect next summer to be one of the liveliest, politically, we ever had in our county. There are many very good and capable men in the list of candidates, and the party will not lack in that respect for material to select from.

Beecher declines steadily as a church investment. In 1872 Plymouth Church got fifty nine thousand dollars from its pews; in 1873, over sixty-thousand dollars; in 1874, fifty-nine thousand again in 1876, sixty-three thousand; but this year it gets only thirty-six thousand, ten thousand less than last year. Still Beecher himself is for the time being doing well by exhibiting himself throughout the country at fifty cents a head.

The military expenses of this state to put down last summer's railroad riots reach the handsome sum of $700,000 And that's what wev'e got for it all. Were the sympathizers of the tramps and mob taxed to pay it all, there would be nothing unjust in it.

In the Senate a bill was introduced providing for payment of the military for service during the July and August riots and the other expenses incident to them. The amount demanded for payment of troops is $290,000, and transportation, subsistence, quartermaster's and medical stores $325,000. The estimate of the cost of the riots at the Adjutant General's Department exceed the above amounts about $24,000. The expenses in round numbers are classified thus:—Troops, $307,000; transportations, $141,000; subsistence, $124,000; quartermaster's stores,$63,000; medical stores $3,400 These amounts do not include about $70,000 already paid to the three months men, and an independent regiment from Philadelphia. The cost of the riots therefore is $700,000.

PROPOSED NEW PENITENTIARY.

Senator Fisher, of Huntingdon, introduced a bill in the senate providing for the erection of a penitentiary in the middle district of Pennsylvania—the district to embrace the counties of Huntingdon Blair, Cambria, Clinton, Centre, Clearfield, Somerset, Bedford, Fulton, Franklin, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry, Dauphin Snyder and Union. The bill provides for an expenditure of $100,000 for the purchase of a site, and the commencement of work on the building. The site is to consist of not less than fifteen acres of ground to be selected by a board of thirteen commissioners. The penitentiary is to have an accommodating capacity of about 500.

This institution could be favorably located in Centre county, for all the counties mentioned, on account of our rail road facilities.

Congress passed a resolution for the wholesale investigation of all the departments. The republicans bitterly opposed it, evidently for the reason that there are a great many things that they do not wish exposed.

New York city for the last two weeks has been exci ed over the marriage of Mr. Lord a millionaire, aged over 80, to a dashing widow, Mrs. Hicks, aged 40 Lord's sons want to make him out insane, in order to keep the property, but the happy couple can not be found since the nuptials, and the lawyers are expecting a fat job.

Kansas farmers est ma e corn a 15 cents a bushel, a wh ch pri e t s heaper fuel than coal or woo .

H nolulu has been devastated by a $250,000 fire.

COUNTY INSTITUTE.

The 31 annual Teachers' Institute, of Centre county, commenced in the court-house Dec. 25, 1877.

In the absence of the regular Sec'y, P. O. Stiver was elected Sec'y pro tem, and H. E. Weirich chosen as roll clerk, and Mr. J. Delong, treasurer.

An address was delivered on History by Prof. H. K. Hoy.

A committee on criticism was then appointed, viz: Messrs. Robb, Cambridge, Miss. L. Graham and Miss. S. M'Evan.

In the evening Supt. Meyer introduced Prof. Smith, of State College, who delivered an instructive address on Chemistry.

Wednesday—opened by prayer and music, when the subject of music was treated upon by C. L. Gramly.

A discussion was then had upon the subject whether School Boards should furnish pupils with books. Prof. Krise, of Centre Hall, took up the subject of Object Lessons, and treated it in a very intelligent and able manner.

Wednesday evening the superintendent introduced Col. A. F. Seltzer, of Lebanon, who lectured upon the subject, What I know about money. The lecture was humorous and witty and listened to with great attention.

Thursday was opened by prayer and music. After some discussion on subjects of previous session was had, Prof. Meyer, introduced .. S. Ermantrout of the Kutztown Normal School, who delivered a lecture on Memory and its Culture.

Prof. G. W. Fortney, of Penns Valley Institute, Centre Hall, was next introduced and lectured upon the subject of Grammar. Mr. Fortney's treatment of his subject showed that he thoroughly understood it, and his remarks were well received.

J. H. Rankin, of Bellefonte, gave instructions in reading.

In the afternoon Prof. Ermantrout lectured upon Etymology and the culture of Memory. Sup't Meyer then took up the subject of Grammar, dilating upon sentence making followed by Prof. Fortney upon the same subject. In the evening Prof. Ermantrout lectured on the Arts of Memory.

Friday, opened with the usual services when Prof. Ermantrout again took up his subject of Etymology, followed by Prof Fortney in illustrating his method of teaching Grammar by a practical drill with a class, which called forth some discussion.

In the afternoon another lecture form Prof. Ermantrout on "Methods for forming synopses," which seemed greatly to interest the teachers.

Prof. S. L. Stiver, of New York city formerly a regular correspondent of the Reporter, was introduced by Sup't Meyer and addressed some well timed remarks to the members of the institute.

An election of officers was then held, viz: Committee on permanent certificates: Miss R. A. Wood, Miss R. E. Downing, F. F. Jameson, S. K. Emerick and C. L. Gramley. Vice Presidents, J. H. Rankin and Miss Sadie Caldwell. Sec'y, J. H. Delong.

The committee of resolutions thereupon reported laudatory of the County Normal; indorsing the new state Normal at Lock Haven; favoring the furnishing of books to pupils by school boards, favoring fine for non-attendance upon institute; thanks to Bellefonte for its hospitality; thanks for the music; thanks to the gentlemen named above for their lectures, endorsing the School Journal; in favor of the temperance cause, and also the following:

Resolved, That we have lost none of the good opinion heretofore expressed of our ex-officio head, Prof. H. Meyer. His ability, zeal and energy in all the duties pertaining to his office have been unexceptionable, and entitled him to public recognition; we pass him on for his reward—a re-election.

The attendance of teachers was one of the largest yet had, and altogether the Institute was a success.

WOMEN IN THE SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on 10, the women suffrage tramps got a deserved rebuke. We copy from the proceedings:

Debate then ensued on the proposal to admit women to the floor of the senate to argue woman suffrage in accordance with a resolution submitted by Mr. Sargent this morning.

Mr. Thurman opposed the proposed action and asserted that some woman had said at Lincoln hall that they would carry the senate (by God). "Maybe they will," said Mr. Thurman, "but it will be long after some of the old fogies are out of the chamber." [Laughter.] He did not wish to be understood as wanting in respect for these ladies, but he was free to confess that the woman who sat at her fireside and took care of her children, was rather more respectable in his mind than the woman who threatened to carry the senate. (By God.)

Mr. Sargent moved to fill the blank so that the senate should hold a session on Saturday, January 12, to hear the advocates of the sixteenth amendment and that they should be allowed two hours to present their views. Messrs. Edmunds and Howe opposed the resolution and Mr. Sargent favored it. It was then rejected—yeas, 13; nays, 31.

Now then let these women go home and nurse their babies, do their mending and darning, learn to bake good bread and get up a decent meal, and attend to such other household duties as to them may belong.

THE DEAD LOCK.

According to the Morning Patriot, of 15, the legislative dead lock at Harrisburg is not broken. It says:

By the decisive vote of 107 to 56 the house last night rejected the report of the committee of conference on the order of business. The report of the committee was worse as a compromise than the original action of the senate inasmuch as it assumed that the house was concerned about nothing but the special and local bills on the calender. After the loss of two weeks of the session caused by the obstructive course of the senate the house could not recede from its well grounded position. The house has maintained its dignity as a co-ordinate branch of the legislature. It has at the same time rebuked the pretension that its rules of procedure under the constitution are subject to review by any authority.

Mr. Speaker Myer has also received a fitting rebuke for his mode of selecting a committee of conference to lead the house into a surrender of its position. He has discovered that that kink of a trick does not work with a legislative body that respects its own character. The speaker is the organ of the house. He is "the eyes and ears of the house." But Mr. Speaker Myer sought to put his finger into its eyes and ears, and his attempt has been repelled by nearly a two third vote. The lesson ought to be of use to him for the remainder of the session.

HEAVY RAINS.

Great Damage Done in Several States—High Rivers—Bridges Swept Aaway.

Richmond, Va., January 11.—The heavy rains the past two days caused another rise in the rivers. The bridge over Staunton river, on the Richmond & Danville road just replaced, was again swept away, the third time in two months. The iron bridge over the same river on the Virginia & Danville road, was also washed away. This bridge was destroyed during the freest flood in November, and just replaced. The Roanoke river at Weldon, N. C is very high and the water is rising six to eight inches per hour. The railroad bridges at that point are threatend.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 11.—A heavy snow storm occurred in Delaware county last night. The snow is nearly two feet deep. Telegraph lines are down from Eastern Dutchess reports show nearly a foot of snow.

A MILLION DOLLAR FIRE IN LONDON.

London, January 12.—One of the largest fires for many years occurred to day on the corner of Friday and Watling streets It originated in the warehouse of Crocker, Sons & Co., calico printers, Nos 82 to 87 Watling street. The whole block was at one time threatened, The loss was over $1,000,000

It is remarked of the average Chicago couple: "Two souls with but a single thought—how to get rid of each other."

STARTLING, IF TRUE.

General Richard Taylor, in the North American Review, makes the following statement:

After the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863, General Grant was promoted to the command of the armies of the United States and called to Washington. In a conference at the War Office between him, President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton the approaching campaign in Virginia was discussed. Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James river. It was replied that the government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington, and would not consent at that late day to the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error. Grant observed he was indifferent as to routes, but if the government preferred its own—so often tried—to the one he suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of one hundred thousand men. The men were promised, Grant accepted the governmental plan of campaign and was supported to the end. The above came to me well authenticated and I have no doubt of its correctness.

If it be true that, sooner than appear as following in the footsteps of McClellan—to "avoid confession of a previous error"—Lincoln and Stanton refused to take the James River route, and preferred rather to sacrifice a hundred thousand men, they may be fairly classed for they have won the title to be considered the butchers of history!

SERMONS ON HELL.

A few weeks ago Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lengthy sermon on "Hell," and scorned the idea of there being such a horrible place as pictured out in the Bible. And a few days ago Canon Farrar delivered two sermons upon the same subject, in which he argued at great length against hell and said that the word ought to be left out of the Bible altogether. He only does not want to get rid of the word hell, but also of the words damnation and everlasting, as applied to punishment after death. These candid declarations of two of the greatest divines living are certainly very startling to such of us who have not given the subject any thought.

From our youth, we all have been taught the existence of a "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," and not a theologian has for years dared to question the non-existence of such a horrible place. The doctrine that everlasting damnation awaits the death of the wicked has had a tendency to restrain many from committing various crimes and aided wonderfully in establishing the churches. The New York Sun of the 22d ult., in commenting upon Canon Farrar's sermons says:

"If, therefore, you expunge the words hell, damnation and everlasting from the Bible, and substitute, as Canon Farrar proposes, more agreeable terms, suggestive of limited punishment or simple schooling for eternal happiness, you change essentially the fabric of Christianity. If the words we have been accustomed to use to describe the fate of the wicked are, as Canon Farrar says, mistranslations, which ought not to stand any longer in our English Bible, then it will become necessary to revise the old creeds so that they shall hereafter teach Universalism. If hell is not a place of everlasting punishment, but only a temporary state of correcting and purification, the orthodox scheme of salvation is based on falsehood and must speedily go to pieces. The startling remarks of Canon Farrar become of great significance when we remember that they were addressed to the learned doctors who are now engaged in Westminister Abby in revising the English Bible. Did the speaker utter their convictions as well as his own, and foreshadow what they are going to do? It has long been conceded that the riper scholarship now available could improve the version of the Scriptures made by King Jame's translators. The work of revision, therefore, began several years ago, though many devout men feared that the result of it would be to imperil the old reverence in the Holy Book. It is well known that the textual revision alone is likely to effect some important changes, perhaps resulting in the excision of passages consecrated in the memory of Christians; but we first hear that the scholars of Westminister may take the old-fashioned hell out of the Bible and write away eternal damnation. This is something to set English and American orthodox Protestants thinking very seriously. Are they prepared to give up the old faith, and to accept that of Universalism? Moreover, what is to be the effect on men of the dissipation of a doctrine so long taught and so powerful in its appeal to the mind?

TRAIN WRECKER CONVICTED.

Harrisburg, Va., Jan. 2, 1878.—In the case of the Commonwealth against Ettenger for wrecking the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad train the jury, after twenty-four hours' deliberation, found the prisoner guilty of murder in the second degree and fixed the term of his imprisonment in the Penitentiary at eighteen years. Most of the evidence was purely circumstantial, but pointed inevitably to the guilt of the prisoner. Public excitement ran high, as two lives had been lost and it was the third attempt in that neighborhood to throw trains off the track. Great credit is due to the people in the neighborhood and the railroad company for energy in seeking the guilty party.

Behold the effect of democratic rule. New York state has reduced her debt from $52,000,000 in 1866 to $10,000,000 in 1877. The reduction last year amounted to $12,000,000. So much for the reforms introduced and carried into practical operation by the democratic administrations of that commonwealth. On the other hand the debt of Massachusetts, which, with the exception of Gov. Gaston's single term, has been under unbroken republican rule, has been increased from $19,000,000 in 1866 to $33,500,000 in 1877.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, is forty-six years old; his grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier; at the battle of Sharpsburg a bullet went through the Senator's left cheek; altogether he was hit by seven bullet's, he is the political hero of Georgia, and according to Redfield, "Gordon has war record and lots of it, so much so that a little more would have been all record and no Gordon."

Once more the French republic has been confirmed by the popular vote; and it is now evident that the monarchical parties will not be able to retain their majority in the Senate beyond this year. The elections throughout France last Sunday for Municipal Councillors, who are among the electors of Senators, show that the Republican tide is rising higher than ever. Only four out of the eighty Councillors elected in Paris are anti-Republican; and the party of the republic not only carried nearly all the other great cities of France, but made gains among the peasantry, who, according to George Sand, are the soundest part of the French people. By numberless signs, it has been made evident, during the last few months, that President MacMahon could not, by any possibility, have carried on the Government according to the principles of De Broglie and De Fourtou.

THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN RECOMMEND THE RELEASE OF TWEED.

New York, Jan. 4.—In the Board of Aldermen this afternoon, a resolution was adopted declaring that greater benefit could be gained by the discharge of Wm. M. Tweed than by his longer detention, and recommending the Attorney General and corporation counsel to release him after securing such property as he now possessed, and after taking means to secure his testimony necessary in any suits that might hereafter be brought by the city.

TROUBLE BETWEEN SIAM AND CHINA.

A letter from Colonel T. W. Knox, dated Singapore, December 6, says:—The Siamese are putting their forts, ships and army in fighting condition in anticipation of trouble with China. A large force of men is working on the forts at the mouth of the Meinam River.

Crual New York Herald says since the hard times began many young men have been entering the ministry. The number is constantly increasing, and it is believed, in the rural districts, that by this time next year the shortcakes and preserved quince crop will be entiraly exhausted.

STATE FINANCES.

We have received a copy of the annual report of the Auditor General on the finances of the State for the fiscal year beginning December 1, 1876, and ending November 30, 1877.

Summary of the Receipts.

The following is a summary of the receipts of the State Treasury from December 1, 1876, to November 30, 1877, inclusive:

Lands	$ 3,934 52
Tax on Corporation stock	2,088,800 14
Tax on coal companies	482,845 01
Tax on personal property	409,394 78
Tax on bank stock	394,277 88
Tax on net earnings or income	44,625 61
Tax on loans	160,131 02
Tax on gross receipts	74,405 24
Tax on gross premiums	9,631 06
Tax on tonnage	1,629 89
Tax on logs	800 00
Tax on writs, wills, deeds etc.	1[illegible],102 64
Tax on certain offices	2,698 98
Notary public commissions	7,900 00
Bonus on charters	25 154 67
Foreign insurance companies	500,887 17
Commutation of tonage tax	460,000 00
Collateral inheritance tax	378,027 70
Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, interest on bonds	112,500 00
Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, bond redeemed	100,000 00
Annuity of right of way	10,000 00
Accrued interest	21,336 16
Fees from the public officers	26,384 39
Geological survey	265 10
Escheats	3,321 57
Pennsylvania archives	133 55
Retailers' licenses	396,224 81
Tavern licenses	381,130 69
Theatre, circus, etc licenses	2,896 83
Billiard room, etc., licenses	11,080 95
Eating house, etc. licenses	33,469 98
Distillers, and brewers' licenses	11,309 33
Peddlers' license	3,812 81
Brokers' licenses	12,421 95
Patent medicine licenses	6,474 75
Millers' licenses	758 50
Pamphlet laws	717 27
Auctioneers' licenses	14,082 94
Fines and forfeitures	38 45
Unclaimed deposits	286 52
Sale of public property	880 50
Refunded cash	1,810 98
New 5 per cent. loan	8,271,083 77
United States Government	58,490 51
Total receipts	$14,659,502 44

Summary of the Payments.

The following is a summary of the payments made at the State Treasury from December 1, 1876 to November 30, 1877, inclusive:

Expenses of Government	$1,213,276 31
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund	8,159,957 76
Interest on loans	1,818,714 13
Common schools	902,769 83
Soldiers' orphans' schools	372,084 46
Charitable institutions	829,597 33
Pensions and gratuities	45,213 00
Militia expenses	32 278 03
Riots in the anthracite coal regions	2,355 20
Riots	77,171 79
State Library	8,200 00
Board of Pardons	3,872 43
Centennial Exposition	213,484 10
Pennsylvania Board of Centennial Managers	4,886 78
Advertising for proposals	14,559 08
Stationery, fuel, etc	33,612 84
Pennsylvania Agricultural Society	5,456 18
Public buildings and grounds	15,318 22
Seat of Government	18,215 02
Houses of Refuge	43,500 00
Penitentiaries	38,473 75
Geological survey	57,000 00
Board of Public Charities	6,300 00
Mechanics' High School of Pennsylvania	479 20
Harbor Master. Philadelphia	5,291 65
Port Warden, Philadelphia	2,916 62
Inspectors of coal mines	27,793 57
Centennial military encampment	3,943 36
Pennsylvania archives	6,000 00
Municipal Commission of Pennsylvania	9,900 00
Damages and old claims	2,350 00
Assessors of bank stock	15,362 87
Mercantile appraisers	2,563 56
Special commissions	17,015 45
Escheats—payments	2,318 94
Counsel fees and commissions	200 00
United States Government—payments	849 04
Miscellaneous	16,177 64
Total payments	$13,482,453 19

TEN THOUSAND TURKS GUARDING SHIPKA PASS SURRENDER TO THE RUSSIANS.

St. Petersburg, January 10.—The Grand Duke Nicholas has telegraphed the following to the emperor from Lovitcha, January 9: "I am happy to congratulate your majesty upon a brilliant victory gained this day. General Radetzky has, after desperate fighting, captured the whole Turkish army defending the Shipka pass, consisting of forty-one battalions, ten batteries and one regiment of cavalry. Prince Mirsky has occupied Kezanlik. General Skobeleff holds Shipka."

[The latest advices by mail stated that the Turkish army defending the southern exit to the Shipka pass was estimated at 10,000 men only, and the number of prisoners taken will probably not be found greater than that, as there is not now a batallion in the active Turkish army which approaches in strength the 800 men represented by the word on paper. But it is not altogether a question of the number of prisoners taken. The Shipka pass as shown by the desperate conficts of last summer, can be stubbornly defended by a very small number, and the clearing of the pass from all Turkish forces is in itself a great achievement.]

EXTENT OF RADETZKY'S VICTORY.

A correspondent at Vienna states that at Schipka Pass, the Russians captured 28,000 men, 1,000 horses, 12 mortars, 12 siege guns and 80 field guns. The Cossacks have cut the Yamboli Railway.

Belgrade, January 11.—Nish surrendered this moring in consequence of the capture by storm yesterday and Wednesday of Goritza Venik, and all other heights commanding the fortress of the town. Fighting has lasted five days. The Servian loss is considerable.

Cettinje, January 11.—Antivari surrendered unconditionally to the Montenegrins yesterday.

Athens, January 11.—It is asserted that an insurrection in Macedonia is imminent.

A dispatch from Berlin says Russia is negotiating with the other Baltic powers, for the purpose of prohibiting war vessels of non Baltic powers from entering that sea.

A Panic In Constantinople.

A special from Constantinople says Russians have occupied Eski Saghra and Zeni Saghra, cutting off the Turkish army. This report is apparently due to a panic in Constantinople.

Several special dispatches announce the garrison of Nish, which surrendered to the Servians numbered 8,000, with 90 cannon, 2,000 rifles and a number of flags.

London, January, 13.—A special dispatch from Tatar-Bazardjik says: "The Turks have burned the town of Ichtiman and intend to burn Tatar-Bazardjik and other towns in the Topoluitza and Gyopsa valleys." The Cossacks have cut the Jamboli railroad south of the Balkans.

Germany and Italy have informed Turkey that if she permits England to take her fleet to Constantinople that they will also ask permisson to take their fleet through the Dardanelles. A crisis is at hand.

London, January 14.—The Turks claim that their fleet has bombarded and destroyed the ports of Euyertoria and Yalta, in the Crimea.

—Remember, all who wish to advertise sales or any thing else, the Reporter gives a far greater circulation in Penns Valley, for less money, than any other paper. It is the paper that is read by nearly all in Haines, Miles, Penn, Gregg, Potter, Harris, Ferguson, &c.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 2.—A frightened team backed a wagon containing Mrs. Morris Goodloe and four children, off a bridge over the Obion River yesterday, resulting in the drowning of four children.

—If you want your sale bills printed cheap, or advertised in a paper that runs into nearly every family, send your order to the Reporter. Send us the articles, date of sale and place, by mail, and the work will be attended to.

VICTOR EMMANUEL DEAD.

Prince Humbert Proclaimed Victor Emmanuel's Successor to the Throne.

London, January 9.—The king of Italy died at 2.30 o'clock this morning.

Rome, January 9—Evening.—In the afternoon sacraments were administered to King Victor Emanuel, who received the priest with great serenity. The king then summoned Prince Humbert, the heir apparent and his wife, Princes Margaretta, to his bedside, with whom he conversed a few moments. Afterwards the military eruptions increased. The king then summoned all those who were in the habit of approaching him. He addressed to each one present a few words and a few moments after died. The news of his death soon spread through the city and caused great emotion among the people. All the shops were closed. Prince Humbert was proclaimed king of Italy. He confirmed the present ministers in their posts.

[Victor Emmanuel, the first king of re-united Italy, is dead, and Humbert, his eldest son, reigns in his stead. Born on the 14th of March, 1820, the son of Charles Albert, king of Sardinia, and Queen Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand, grand Duke of Tuscany, he received at his birth the names of Marie Albert Eugene Ferdinand Thomos, to which was subsequently prefixed the name under which he wielded the sceptre, first of Sardinia and then of Italy. He received a careful and elaborate education in science and the art of war, and while passing under the title of duke of Savoy, was married on the 12th of April, 1842, to his own cousin, the Archduchess Adelaide, of Austria, who died January 20, 1845.]

ROME IN DEEP MOURNING FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR KING.

London, January 11.—A correspondent in Rome telegraphs that the death of King Victor Emmanuel has created a profound sensation throughout Italy, and the most unmistakable evidences of genuine sorrow are manifested by all classes. Rome is in deep mourning. The national flags are draped in black throughout the city, and the people appear to regard the death of the first king of United Italy as a national calamity.

Prince Amadeus, ex King of Spain, and the Prince of Carignano visited the Quirinal yesterday, and remained in the mortuary chamber, in company with King Humbert, for twenty minutes. All showed signs of deep feeling, but King Humbert's emotion was particularly noticeable.

Rome, January 11.—King Humbert I, has ordered the Italian Court to go in mourning six months. It is said Humbert though originally in favor of Turin, is now disposed to agree to Victor Emmanuel's being interred in Rome, but will consult his brothers.

Signor Mancini intends to introduce a bill in Parliament appointing the pantheon as the future burial place of the Savoy family.

The King's Last Words Relative to the Pope.

The Fanfulla reports that Victor Emmanuel said on his deathbed: "I have always felt an affection and deference towards the Pope. If I have personally displeased him, I am sorry, but in all my acts, I have always had the consciousness of having fulfilled my duties as a citizen and prince, and of never having committed anything contrary to religion."

Arrival of Stanley.

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived here to-day. A medal which had been decreed to him by the late King was privately presented.

A WONDRRFUL CLOCK.

The Reading Eagle.

In Mengel's building is now on exhibition, in all probability, the most wonderful clock in the world. It was built by Stephen D. Engle, a watchmaker at Hazleton. He is about forty-five years of age, and was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid paid Engle $5,000 for it. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock. In fact, he has not travelled more than 200 miles from home at any time. This clock stands eleven feet high. At the base it is about four feet wide, and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top, Its colors are dark brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate nor has it so many figures as the Hazleton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures are about three feet high, and the American clock about nine inches. Three minutes before hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck double doors in an alcove open, and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left open and the apostles appear slowly, one by one in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus they turn towards him, Jesus bows, the apostle turns again and proceeds through the double doors in an alcove on the right As Peter approaches, Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him. Five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the cock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas appears Satan comes down from his window and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back up to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear and the doors are closed. The scene can be repeated seven times in an hour if necessary, and the natural motion of clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day, at twelve o'clock. Below the plaza is the main dial, about thirteen inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of Time, with an hour glass. Above this is a window, at which there appear figures, representing youth, manhood and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing Death. When the hour hand approaches the first quarter Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds; then Childhood appears instantly. When the hour hand approaches the second quarter or half hour, there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then youth appears and the organ plays a hymn. After this Time strikes two and reverses his hour glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in the upper porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on the top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard, walking backward and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age and death take part in the panorama.

BLOODY FIGHT AMONG INDIANS

A bloody fight took place some days ago on the south side of Red River, in the Pan Handle of Texas, between hunting parties of Cheyenne, Pawnee and Arapahoe Indians. Thirty Cheyennes and twelve Pawnees are said to have been killed; the loss of the Arapahoes is not stated. The cause of the fight was tresspass by the Pawnees on the hunting ground of the Cheyennes.

A VERY GREAT GENERAL.

From the London Fun.

First Swell. I say, Plevna has fallen.
Second ditto. Ya as, so I see.
First Swell. Great blow to the—ah—the—ah
Second ditto. To the ah, yes—the Wussians.
First Swell. Ya-as. He was their pwincipal general, I believe.
Second ditto. Ya-as, something of the sort; but weally, I don't twouble to wead about the waw. It's too much.
First Swell. Quite awfully too much, weally; only everybody's saying Plevna's fallen, you know; and it's fashionable.
Second ditto. Ya-as Come to my chambers. Got some doosid fine Chartweuse. Come over. A pwesent. Come along, old fellah.
First Swell. All wight. I suppose old Plevna was a vewy gweat gweat genewal, else they wouldn't have made such a doosid fuss about him.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may DEPEND ON

Please Call W&B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

FOR ALL FIRST CLASS

Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines

CALL AT THE STORE ROOM OF

BUNNEL AND AIKENS,

Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE PLACE TO GET GENUINE

Needles, Oil Attachments, Parts, etc.,

For All Kinds of Sewing Machines.



Second hand Instruments and Sewing Machines taken in exchange for New Ones. Second hand machines for Sale, from $5.00 to $20.00. Machines to rent.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

IF your SEWING MACHINES are out of order, bring them to BUNNELL & AIKENS, and have them thoroughly adjusted by a practical Mechanic. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC INSTRUCTORS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sheet Music ordered when desired. One dozen Needles sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Remember the place.

BUNNEL & AIKENS.
EAST ALLEGHENY ST., BELF'TE.

CENTRE HALL
Hardware Store.
J. O. DEININGER.

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

☞ Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The undersigned respectfully announces her New Dressmakers Establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping to merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. MRS. HARVEY SMITH 20sept tf.

WM. P. M'MANUS, Attorney at-law Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas McManus, esq 23julff

D. F. FORTNEY Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. 14may'6

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which has hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The DAILY SUN is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, postpaid, 55 cents a month, or $6 50 per year.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter especially prepared for it. The Sunday Sun has met with great success. Postpaid $1. 26 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know The Weekly Sun? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counsellor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal family and the fireside. Terms One dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address

PUBLISHER OF THE SUN.
8nov8t New York city.

New Store Room AND NEW STOCK.

Fall and Winter Goods IN Great Abundance AT WM. WOLF'S IN THE *New Bank Building.*

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of *Hats and Caps* For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Rememdrr the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

HO! FOR SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of
6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

NOLAN & M'ALISTER,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables them to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec8m

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than trebled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the Daily Herald, and is arranged in handy departments, The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe, together with unbiassed, faithful and graphic pictures of the great War in Europe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable newspaper in the world, as it is the cheapest.

Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News,

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department

of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper,

One Dollar a Year.

There is a page devoted to all the latest of the business markets, Crops, Merchandize, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Markets.

While all the news from the last fire to the Discovery of Stanley are to be found in the Weekly Herald, due attention is given to

Sporting News

at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You may subscribe at any time.

The New York Herald in weekly form,

One Dollar a Year.

Papers publishing this prospectus without being authorized will not necessarily receive an exchange.

Address,
New York Herald,
Broadway & Ann St., New York. 20dec8t

PENNSYLVANIA RR.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 13, 1877, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWRD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a m
" "	Montandon	6 57 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 a m
" "	Renova	10 55 a m
" arr at	Erie	7 35 p m
NIAGARA EX. leaves	Phila.	7 20 a m
" "	Harrisburg	10 50 a m
" "	Montandon	1 08 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 20 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 25 p m
" "	Renova	4 40 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadalphia	11 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	3 20 p m
" "	Montandon	6 15 p m
" arr at	Williamsport	7 30 p m
" "	Lock H ven	8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EX. leaves	Lock Haven	6 30 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 55 a m
" "	Montandon	9 08 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 55 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 45 p m
DAY EX. leaves	Renova	10 10 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 20 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 40 p m
" "	Montandon	1 47 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 10 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renova	8 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	9 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	11 05 p m
" "	Montandon	12 18 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	2 45 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a m
" arr at	Harrrisburg	4 00 a m
" arr at	Philadelphia	7 35 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Ex. West, Lock Haven Accommodation West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L & B RR trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Ex. West and Erie Ex. West and Lock Haven Accommodation West make close connection at Williamsport with N C R W trains north.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day E East make close connection at Lock Haven with B E V RR trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L S & M S RR, at Corry with O C & A V RR, at Emporium with B N Y & P RR, and at Driftwood with A V RR.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Ex. West, Erie Ex. West, Philadelphia Express East, and Day Ex. East and Sunday Ex. East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN,
General Superintendent

"Farmers' Mills."

J. B. FISHER, PROPRIETOR.
PENN HALL, PA.,

Offers the HIGHEST market prices in CASH, on delivery, for

Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, etc.,

At the above well-known Mill.

Ground Plaster and Salt always on hand at the lowest rates. 20 sep tf

1877—Fall—1877

I. J. GRENOBLE,
SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED! Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic DRYGOODS!

Full lines of MERINO UNDERWEARS, For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

n Central Pennsylvania, and prices that willcompel you in self defence to buy of hm. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oc

A full line of Howe Sewing Machines and Needles for all kinds of machines.

GET GOOD BREAD,

By calling at the new and extensive bakery establishment of

JOSEPH CEDARS,
(Successor to J. H. Sands,)

Opposite the Iron Front on Allegheny street where he furnishes every day

Fresh Bread,
Cakes of all kinds,
Pies, etc., etc.,
Candies,
Spices,
Nuts,
Fruits.

Anything and everything belonging to the business. Having had years of experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
30 aug tf JOSEPH CEDARS.

PENNS VALLEY LOOK HERE!

CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!

JUST RECEIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF Cloth & Cassimere, OF LATE STYLES,

which I am prepared to have made up in suits at Remarkably Low Figures.

READY-MADE CLOTHING cheaper than can be bought ELSEWHERE.

J. W. SHAFFER
Market Street,
18oct6m LEWISBURG, Pa.

D. F. LUSE,
PAINTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.,

offers his services to the citizens of Centre county in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting,

Striping, ornamenting and gilding, Graining

OAK, WALNUT, CHESTNUT, Etc.

Plain and Fancy Paper hanging. Orders respectfully solicited. Terms reasonable. 20 apr tf.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!
EZRA KRUMBINE,

respectfully informs the citizens of Centre county, that he has bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and has reduced the prices. He has constantly on hand and makes to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

His stock of ready made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship, and is all made under his immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see his stock before purchasing elsewhere. feb 26

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,
LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring WagonS,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Bodies for buggies and spring-wagons &c., of the most improved patterns made to order, also Gearing of all kinds made to order. All kinds of repairing done promptly and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3 tf.

Spring Mills Hotel.

GEO. C. BREON, Prop'r.

This hotel gives accommodation to travellers second to none in the county. The stables are large, roomy and attended by careful hostlers. Long experience as a landlord enables the proprietor to make his guests feel at home all the time. dec6

A. S. WASHINGTON,

FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER, in the old bank building. Guarantees satisfaction in all his work, and asks the public patronage. Has had long experience in the city.

J. ZELLER & SON,
DRUGGISTS,

No. 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may31 72

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Jan. 17, '78.

☞TERMS.—*$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall. J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 537, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall. C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after, Leonard Rhone Master, G. W. BOAL Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Beecher lectures in Bellefonte, night of 22. We understand he is paid $350 for his talk.

—Coal oil makes hair grow and prevents hair from falling off.

—The eagle in the Bellefonte Republican's head is awfully skeered, thinking the horses are going to run over it.

—You can always get any thing you want in the line of groceries, fresh, good and cheap, at Sechler's.

—Newman wishes to inform the public that he is now actually selling overcoats at cost. Go for them.

The telephone was tried over the telegraph wires, between Lewisburg and Spring Mills, one day last week. It worked all right—every word could be heard. Distance 42 miles.

—All kinds of cured meats, the best coffees, sugars, teas, cheese, confectioneries, glassware, and any thing else needed on the table, at Sechler's afmous grocery. Prices low. All goods warranted the best. Polite attention.

—At the dedication of the Reformed church at Rebersburg, last Sabbath, $600 were raised, which frees the church from debt.

—Winter clothing can be had cheaper than ever now, at Newman's. He is bound to sell off his stock at any price. Go for them if you need them. It will even pay to buy them now and lay them over for next winter He can fit all—men and boys, and at all prices. Call in at the Eagle Clothing Hall before it is too late. Clothing you must have, therefore be wise and get it when you can buy cheap.

—At the annual election of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., held at Centre Hall, on Monday, the following directors were elected: J. W. Campbell, J. W. Krumrine, Henry Keller, Joseph Baker, John Rishel, Fred'k Kurtz, S. J. Herring, J. B. Fisher, A. Alexander, Samuel Gramley, J. K. Hosterman, J. H. Musser.

The board organized as follows: President, Henry Keller; Vice President, Sam'l J. Harring; Secretary, D. F. Luse; Treasurer, Henry Witmer.

—There will be a musical convention held in Emanuel's Reformed church at Jacksonsville, this county, beginning on Monday evening, Jan. 14, and closing on Saturday evening the 19th, with a grand concert. Prof. Wm. T. Meyer, will conduct the convention in person. Prof. McClintick, the violinist; Prof. Kister, the famous picolo player and other prominent musicians are expected to be present. All lovers of good music are cordially invited. Tickets for convention including concert, 50 cents; for concert only 25 cents. G. P. HARTZELL, Com.

—The most wholesome diet is fruit when properly canned or dried, and you can get either at Sechler's grocery, in the Bush house block, cheaper and better than you can do them up yourself. Try it, and you will find it so. Why not save all the trouble of canning and drying when you can purchase the fruit at Sechler's for less money besides?

—Lock Haven market: Butter, 22@25c; eggs, 18@22c; potatoes, 30 to 40c per bushel; chickens, 45 to 60c per pair; cabbage, 4a5c per head; apple butter 75c per gallon; lard, 11a12½c per pound; apples $1 to $1.80 per bu.; turnips, 25c per bu.; beans, 10c per quart; sweet potatoes, 30 to 40c per peck; celery, 5 to 15 cents per stock; turkeys, live weight, 8c per pound.

—Chromos Given Away.—A pair of choice 6x8 chromos is given free to every reader of this notice who will send fifteen cents (postage stamps taken) for a three months' subscription to Leisure Hours, a large 16 page family paper, filled with the best stories, poetry, etc., by the ablest writers. The papers sent will contain the opening chapters of a charming story entitled, "Holden With the Cords," by the author of "Shiloh;" "My Winter in Cuba," etc. In order to make known this publication to all, the publishers, J. L. Patten & Co, 162 William Street, New York, offer the above subscription at about half price. and also give free such a beautiful pair of chromos as will adorn any dwelling. Double value of money is guaranteed to all who send. $1,500 in prizes is given free to agents.

—Is your life worth 25 cents? If it is do not neglect a cough or cold. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

—Mr I. D. Boyer at Aaronsburg has sold his stock of store-goods to J. G. Meyers and Henry Philips.

—There is no better remedy for a cough or affections of the throat and lungs, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption than F P. Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey, and Blood-root. Ask at your stores for it, or send to Green's at Bellefonte. It is a truly valuable remedy.

—Snow on Sunday evening and slush on Monday. It has been cold since.

On Tuesday morning 6, two unknown tramps were found frozen to death, holding on to car bumpers, in Allegheny county.

Moyer and Eddinger, two men charged with the recent double murder in Snyder county, have been committed for court. Thomas Jordan, arrested for the same crime, has been released.

AN EPISODE OF ARIZONA.

The Rochester Union.

An interesting story comes from Arizona. Kellegg and Carter owned a mining claim, and foolishly quarrelled about it. Kellogg was a man of few word, "light and free was his touch upon his revolver." With little ado he fired at his partner, and supposed that he had sent a bullet into his breast, but behold, Carter was a good young man, and had a Bible in the pocket of his gray working shirt. The ball struck upon the sacred book, its course was turned, and Carter was unhurt. Then the good young man whipped out his gleaming bowie knife, sprang upon Kellogg, and carved him so artistically that his hold on his revolver relaxed, and he was like to die. The good young man staunched his opponent's wound andr ode away for a physician, returning within twenty-four hours, having made a total distance of over ninety miles. Kellogg is recovering. Carter, to avoid arrest, sought to cross the river, and this time the Bible didn't save him. He was drowned. The moral of this is very intricate, but it is plain that Carter wasn't born to be hanged.

Machias, Me., Jan, 12, 1878. Jason Leighton's camp on West River, above Cherryfield, was burned last night and four of his children perished in the flames.

JANUARY COURT—GRAND JURORS.

Spring—Wm. Poorman, Jas Tressler.
Ferguson—J W Campbell, Jno Bailey, Saml Harpster, Jas Krape.
Bellefonte—J Bartruff, J P Zimmerman H Twitmire.
Union—P H Bush.
Burnside—S Dixon.
Boggs—A C Witherite, J M Lucas, Wm Poorman.
Philipsburg—O Hancock.
College—Gr Lytle.
Potter—John Arney, G. Durst, jr.
Unionville—B Rich.
Benner—H Sampsel.
Walker—H C Snavely, S Goodhart.
Haines—Wm Bower.
Penn—D S Kerstetter.

Traverse—1st Week.

Gregg—S J Herring.
Milesburg—D Boileau, C Cook, A T Boggs.
Union—H Hoover, W A Peters.
Benner—D Kerlin, J H Fishburn.
Unionville—N M Hall.
Spring—E D Null, S Lyon, G Kaufman
Bellefonte—G A Bayard, H A Williams, Geo Wolf, J Curtin, J Klinger.
Philipsburg—S Fleck, C A Falkner, A Adams.
Potter—Wm Allison, H P Sankey. J H Miller.
Halfmoon, A Stine.
Liberty—H A Snyder.
Walker—Mich Shafer, B F Vonada, B F Winkelman.
Harris—B F Brown, H Frederick, S B Stover, A H Hosterman.
Curtin—W Wentzel.
Ferguson—F Bottorf,
Snowshoe—A C Hinton.
Miles—J Kinney, U Shafer, Aust Gramly, S Kleckner.
Penn—Wm Mauk.
Rush—D H Chandler, Wm Pechdal.
Howard—J W Gardner, F Confer.
Haines—Jerry Haines.
Taylor—John Fink.
Howard—F Confer.
College—Jas Glenn.

2nd Week.

Philipsburg—E Reeder, J A Lukens.
Potter—J G Sankey, Wm Stiver.
Penn—Jacob Dutweiler, W P Caterman.
Benner—J Eckly, S D Swartz.
Spring—Morris Furey, John Null.
Howard—Jacob Holter, W Doughenbach.
Bellefonte—F Smith, G F Brew, G M Swartz.
Patton—John Chambers, R H Stine.
Snowshoe—C F Cheeseman, J J Potter, H Witherite.
College—J G Irwin.
Gregg—D Runkle, E Fetterhoff.
Bogg—T Harvey, S Charles.
Burnside—S Fisher.
Marion—J H M'Cauly.
Milesburg—T Crawford.
Liberty—S Lingle, J W Toner.
Haines—M Fiedler.
Harris—A Hess.
Taylor—D Ganoe.
Ferguson—H C Campbell.
Houston—S Naxon.

Trial List—First Week.

Alexander Loder vs J A Cryder.
E L Wian vs M Max.
John Biggleman vs J A Cryder.
R B Hartman vs Wm Condo.
Chas McCafferty use of vs Tobias Grew.
L C and S C RR Co vs E W Sweeny.
L C and S C RR Co vs Geo B Jack.
L C and S C RR Co vs Wm Bradford.
L C and S C RR Co vs James Osman.
J P Bullock vs T M Hall.
Schmidt vs T M Hall.

Trial List—Second Week.

R F Clow use of vs Derby Coal Co et al.
L W Munson vs J H Morrison.
Wm Bands Ex'rs vs Gilliland & Hoover.
Harper Bros vs J V Thomas & Co.
Samuel McWilliams vs H H Mothersbaugh.
J Z Long vs H Merriman et al.
Wm Campbell & Sons vs E McCormick et al.
J A Cryder vs H W Hoover.
Sarah From vs John Ardell.
Daniel Durst vs Adam Krumrine.
James Gates use of vs C H Kephart.
Ives, Murphy & Grove vs A C Hinton.
T R Quick et al vs A C Hinton.
Jacob Manassa et al vs J W Rhone.
Wm Brown vs Michael Meyers.
Commonwealth of Penna vs Dolly Swires et al.
Adam Kreps vs J G & M Packer.
Thos K Henderson vs John H McMonagle.
Lazarus Moyer vs Funk & Weber.
D S Dupree & Co use of vs Silas Blowers.
James Hanna vs Jacob Sankey et al.
John P Dehaas use of vs H H Lucas.
M L Leitzel vs J H McCormick.
Job Williams vs Tho- M Way & Son.
John S Gray et ux vs L A Shearer.
Jas C Williams use of vs Jacob Mock.
D J McCann vs Wm H Jones et al.
First National Bank of Lock Haven vs B F Troxel.
B Spotts vs J J & A Pifer.
S Silknitter use of vs H W Moover.

A letter from Casstown, Miami county, Ohio, to the Reporter, says: Apples retail at $1.60 to $2; potatoes 40 to 50c; wheat 1.20 to 1.25; corn 40; hogs plenty and range from 3½ to 4c; beef cattle run from 3 to 4c. Rev. Lewis Shaffer, formerly from your town is living in our county; his health has been quite poorly for some time; old father Levi Luckenbach and wife are doing well, and have good health. Daniel Driver, formerly of Centre Hill, his lady is quite feeble. Their daughter Sarah got married at last in her old days to a widower named Stephen Boyer. Some twigs which I took from my father's prune tree, when on a visit to my home near Centre Hill, last July a year ago, and which I budded on some of my plum trees, I measured one this morning, string measure, and it measures just 23¼ feet. B.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Quite an excitement is under way in our town on account of a letter written by a fellow that calls himself John F. Wilson, from Sidney, Neb., to James Mallory in regard of the death of Wm. Mallory. John F. W. claims that Wm. Mallory came to his hotel, took sick and died, &c. He states that he examined his trunk and in it he found papers with his father's name on and now he promises to forward the trunk providing they will remit $28.50 to defray expenses. To say the least no money was sent as yet and it is pretty generally believed that the scheme is a fraud. First, because James Mallory never wrote to him. Second, Wm. M. is in Sante Fe, N. M. and not in the Black Hills as John F. W. states. Third, there were letters received at least at three other places reading just like this one mentioned. We trust that John F. Wilson will be passed along throughout the different newspapers.

Hip! hip! hurrah! Miles has a candidate for Sheriff. Friends please remember C. H. Strobecker when he calls. Of course he is short in stature but remember that Charley like Zaccheus on the Sycamore tree is nevertheless a good fellow.

Just now the measles are making their rounds. Nearly every youngster has to entertain them by turn. A few more families then all had them in our vicinity.

On last Sabbath there were no less than 800 souls present to witness the dedication of the Reformed church. There was preaching in both Lutheran and Reformed houses and could then scarcely all be seated.

Some of our "little big boys" were summoned before the Justice of the Peace the other day for misconduct during devotional exercises in the Ev. church, a few more might and should be called to account for misbehavior while the Minister was preaching on last Sabbath. HEW MOR.

THE DEATH SWINDLE.

A swindler out in Neb., signing his name John. F. Wilson, has sent a letter, like the one below to Mr. Mallory, of Rebersburg, to a great number of persons all over the country expecting them to bite, and send him $28 50. The letter:

SIDNEY HOUSE, Sidney, Neb., Dec. 23 '77.

James Mallory.—Dear Sir: On the 10th of last month a gentleman stopped at my hotel, registering his name as Wm. Mallory from the Black Hills. On the way down on the stage he caught a severe cold which terminated in pneumonia, and from which he died two days ago. Not knowing anything of his relatives, I examined his trunk and found it to contain a very fine gold watch and chain, two silver-mounted revolvers, a gold ring and many other valuables. I also found some papers, consisting of deeds, &c., to mining property in the Black Hills. and some letters addressed to James Mallory, Rebersburg, Penn'a. On seeing this, and supposing you to be some relative I concluded to write to you, as the contents of the trunk is very valuable. I would also say that Mr. Mallory owes me a balance for board bill, &c., as follows:

1 weeks board	$10.00
Paid undertaker	18.50
	$28.50

Believing you to be the proper person to receive the effects of the deceased, I will forward the trunk and contents to you upon receipt of my indebtedness. I have not received the Doctor's and Druggist's bills yet, but as I am not responsible for them I do not propose to pay them, unless the money is sent for the purpose.

Yours, &c., JOHN. F. WILSON.

A letter word for word like the above, only with change of names, was sent by the same swindler to John Griffith, saying that Sam'l Griffith had died at his hotel, &c. We see also from a Union county paper that John Badger, of Mifflinburg had received a letter in the same words from Wilson; also from a Lancaster paper that Mrs. Ream has obtained a letter making the identical statements about a relative of hers having died, and had received board to amount of $10 and cheap funeral, at $18.50. Undoubtedly scores of the swindling letters have been mailed. Cant some one in Nebraska come across Wilson and shoot him, there is too much of the good Samaritan about him to have him on earth any longer.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature now in session to pass an act repealing the Act of Assembly approved the 28th day of April, A. D., 1868, entitled an act to "Incorporate the Wolf Run Improvement Company" in Centre county. 17jan 4t

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Office of the F. M. F. Ins. Company of Centre County, Pa.

Centre Hall, Jan. 14, 1878.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter the Twentieth Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is herewith presented:

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year.		$19,938 51
Paid on same.		372,46
Leaving due on premium notes taken the past year.		19,566 05
To which add cash in the treasury.		170 46
Making the total available assets of the past year,		19,736 51
EXPENSES.		
Compensation of directors.	128 15	
Salary of Secretary.	150 00	
" Treasurer.	50 00	
Printing, rent, postage and stationery.	89 50	
Letter press.	6 00	
Election board.	5 00	
Chas. Warner on barn.	188 00	
Henry Krebs on thresher.	30 00	
State Insurance tax.	25 00	
Expenses instituting suit against J Durst	6 25	677 90
Total accruing assets and funds of the Company the past year after deducting expenses.		19,058 61
To which add notes of 1873, '4, '5 and '6.		118,930 40
		137,988 01
Minus notes expired and cancelled, cash premiums, and tax of '73.		6,630 53
Total available assets of the Company this day.		$131,358 48
Risks and insurances taken the past year.	241,659 36	
Same reported for previous years.	1,336,448 88	
Making the risks of the Company this day.		1,578,108 24
Due the Company from agents.		646 96

At an election held the same day the following named members were elected directors for the ensuing year: J. W. Krumreine, J. W. Campbell, Henry Keller, Jos. Baker, Fred Kurtz, John Rishel, Maj. J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, Amos Alexander, J. H. Musser, Sam'l Gramly and J K Hosterman. Whereupon the board organized and elected the following officers:

President—Henry Keller.
Vice President—S. J. Harring.
Secretary—D. F. Luse.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.

D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. HENRY KELLER, Vice Pres't. 2t

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The account of D. M. Wagner, guardian of Clarissa A. Hamer, late Clarissa A. Thompson, minor child of William A. Thompson, late of Centre county, deceased.
2. The account of Sarah H. Chrissman, executrix of &c., of Adam Crissman, late of Snowshoe township, deceased.
3. The account of Wm. P. Wilson, guardian of the minor children of Emeline Sheats, formerly Lucas, late of Union twp, deceased.
4. The first and final account of Joseph Bitner, guardian of John Dashem and Mary L. Dashem, children of Jacob Dashem, deceased.
5. The account of Jonathan Musser, guardian of Carrie A. Kepler, deceased, a minor child of Jacob Kepler, late of Ferguson township, deceased.
6. The account of W. C. Beatty, administrator of &c., of John Beatty, late of Marion township, dec'd.
7. The second account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Daniel and Mary Hastings, late of said county, deceased.
8. The final account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to make sale of the real estate of Jacob S. Awl, late of said county, deceased.
9. The first partial account of John and Nathan M'Closky, executors of Joseph McCloskey, late of Curtin township, dec'd as filed by John McClosky.
10. The final account of Joseph G. Carson, administrator of &c., of George Carlin, late of Potter township, dec'd.
11. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Nora C Green minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp., deceased.
12. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Maggie B. Green, minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp, dec'd.
13. The second and final account of Edward F. Lloyd and Austin J. Montgomery, trustees of estate of Hardman Philips, deceased.
14. The final account of J. G. Meyer, guardian of the minor children of Magdalene Meyer, deceased.
15. The account of John Q. Packer, administrator of &c., of O. P Forringer, late of Curtin township, deceased.
16. The first and partial account of Geo. H. Harkins and John Harkins, administrators of &c., of William Harkins, late of Potter township, deceased. as filed by John Harkins, one of the administrators.
17. The account of Rebecca Jodon and Lewis Edgar Jodon, executors of &c., of Francis Jodon, late of Spring township, deceased.

WM. E. BURCHFIELD, Register. 3jan

Where to Go and How to Go West!

2,000,000 acres of land for sale cheap in the garden of the West. For circulars, maps of Kansas, full information as to best Railroads to travel on, Tickets, Freight Rates, etc., apply or write to WM. SHORTLIDGE, Agent Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe RR. Bellefonte, Pa. 20dec 3m

Valuable Farm AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale his farm in Potter township, Centre county, one mile east of Centre Hall, known as the Robert Pennington farm,

Containing 146 ACRES,

in good state of cultivation, no hills but gently rolling, most all limestone land, about 125 Acres cleared, balance woodland near the buildings. Upon the farm are a large BANK BARN,

Frame House, Nearly New,

of modern style, Hog pen, Smoke house, etc., Two Apple Orchards on the farm. water piped into the house-yard and into barn yard. The farm is well fenced, and one mile from blacksmith shops stores, churches. The terms will be made, easy.

Bounded on east by lands of late Sam'l Huston, south by lands of late Wm. Keller, west by Keller and Bible, and north by Bible and Huston. Also ninety-six acres of mountain land.

Address or apply to ROBERT A. MEANS, Lewistown, Mifflin county, Pa. 12dec3m

IMMENSE VEINS OF COAL IGNITED—HEROIC EFFORTS OF THE EMPLOYEES.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., January 11.—The fire in shaft No. 7, near Pittston, has been raging all the week with terrible fury. The superintendents organized gangs of men, who have worked continually night and day to extinguish the flames, but so far their efforts have been unavailing. In the mean time immense veins of coal, hundreds of feet below the surface, have become ignited, and fears are entertained that the roof of the colliery will fall in. The props and brattices are constructed of wood, and these are rapidly being destroyed by the fire, while the massive pillars of coal are crumbling into ashes. The colliery is filled with hot air and sulphurous vapor, and men are constantly being brought to the surface in a nearly suffocated condition. The work in No. 5, an adjoining mine, is now entirely suspended in consequence of the prevalence of foul air from the burning colliery. There is but one thing to hope for—that the roof above the new dilapidated and charred seam of coal will not cave in before the fire is extinguished. Should it give way it will bury the burning coal and cut off the opportunity of putting it out now afforded. What has already been accomplished is the result of daring adventure on the part of the employees of the company, who have worked assiduously under the guiding judgment of the superintendents, Messrs. Law and Bryden, who from first to last have been constantly at the scene, sharing alike with their men the awful dangers to which all were exposed.

—Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

MARRIED.

At Oak Hall, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Robert Hamill, D. D., Wm. D. Port' to Miss Lide E. Dunlap, both of Pine Grove Mills.

At Oak Hall, on the 3d inst., by Rev. Dr. Hamill, Mr. Francis McBath, to Miss Elizabeth R. Bloom, both of Ferguson twp.

On Nov 11, in Centre Hall, by W. E. Fischer, James Coldren, of Milroy, and Emma Bruss, of near Centre Hall.

On Jan. 8, in Centre Hall, by same, Joseph Carter and Julia Fiddler, both of Gregg twp.

DEATHS.

On the 7th inst., in the Loop, John Royer, aged 61 years and 1 month.

On the 6th inst., at McAlevy's Fort, Huntingdon county, Mr. Thomas McAlevy, aged about 50 years.

Bellefonte papers please copy.

On Wednesday, 9th, at 6 o'clock, p. m., near Centre Hill, Mrs Sallie Runkle, relict of Jacob Runkle, aged 53 years, 10 months and 23 days.

The death of our esteemed friend and relative has cast a gloom over the neighborhood in which she resided from her birth. She was kind and charitable, ever willing to lend a helping hand to all good purposes. She bore her afflictions with true Christian resignation and expired in the full possession of her mental faculties. When questioned by her attending physician as to her approaching end, only a few hours previous to her death, she replied, "Not my will, but God's will be done." Her last words were, "I have not built upon the sand." This she said to a friend standing by her bedside and soon expired. Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh. A FRIEND.

PUBLIC SALE! At the residence of the undersigned at Logan's Gap, 2 miles north of Farmer's Mills, on Thursday, January 24, 1878: Two Mares, one heavy with foal, two Cows, one Heifer, 3 Pigs, 13 head Sheep, 2 Horse wagon, 1 spring Wagon, Sled, Hayrake, Wind mill, 2 horse Cultivator, Cornplanter, Cornscraper, 1 single Cultivator, Plow, Harrow, Crupper Gears, single Harness, Saddle Collars, Bridles, and other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. J. Neff, auct. WM. T. MAYS. 17jan

Valuable Farm AT PRIVATE SALE!

The well-known farm late of Rev. P. S. Fisher, dec'd, situate in Gregg township, Centre county, 1 mile west of Spring Mills rr. station, and at present occupied by Chas. Horner, is offered at privatesale. Consisting of

135 ACRES,

and one of the best producing farms in the valley. It has all necessary buildings, and the Barn is entirely new. It is under good fences, has good, heavy timber land, 2 good Orchards, and with Penns Creek running through centre of the farm, and has

An Excellent Mill Seat.

For further particulars apply to Maj. J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, Pa. or to C. P. W. FISHER, Boalsburg, Pa. jan 3 3t

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth, At the BISHOP STREET BAKERY, is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES AND PIES, in Bellefonte. Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH. nov15

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania during its next session, to have the second section of the Act of Assembly approved January 31st, 1849, erecting Henrysburg, in Centre county, into a borough, so changed as to secure a more equitable assessment of water taxes. jan17 5t

Grand Opening.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

NEW STORE AT CENTRE HALL!

I. GUGGENHEIMER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST ASSORTMENTS OF NEW

WINTER GOODS,

EVER OFFERED IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MANY OF THEM 25 TO 50 PER CENT CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE!

CONSISTING IN PART OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, QUEENSWARE GLASSWARE, SPICES, GROCERIES, TOBACCO, SEGARS, FISH, BACON, SALT, &c.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO CASH BUYERS.

Cloverseed,

TAKEN IN AND THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES PAID IN CASH OR TRADE. STORE IN THE OLD ROOM CONNECTED WITH SPANGLERS HOTEL. 18dec

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

A few years ago Maine was the greatest lumbering State in the Union, but now she is the sixth on the list, and the business is rapidly falling off by reason of the wasting away of the forests and the competition of Western men. Shipbuilders at Portland say they can get pine masts and spars from the Pacific coast cheaper than they can cut them in their own woods.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, January 13.—Flour quiet; superfine $4 extras, $5; Pennsylvania family $6@6 75 Minnesota do, $5 50@6 25 patent and high grades, $6@8 50. Wheat quiet and firmer amber $1 40@1 44 red $1 37@1 39 white $1 43@1 48. Corn dull and firmer, yellow 62c, mixed 60c, sail 56c Jan 56@57c February 57⅛c March 57⅜@57½c. Oats steady Pennsylvania white, 37@38½c, western do., 37@39c, western mixed, 36½@37. Rye dull, 68@70c.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, January 14.—Wheat active and unsettled No. 1 Chicago spring $1 07¼ No. 2 do., $1 06¼, cash 1 07@1 07¼ January 1 06⅞@1 06¾ February 1 07½@1 07¾ March No 3 do., 1 00½ rejected 88c. Corn dull 41c for cash 40¾@41c for January 40½@40¼c for February 40c for March rejected 30c. Oats dull 24@24½c for cash, 24 for January, 24¼c for February, 24⅝c for March. Rye is dull and nomminally 55c, Oats quiet and unchanged.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license, in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made at the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

John G Uzzle	Tavern	Snow Shoe twp
Perry H Stover	do	Penn twp
John Anderson	Saloon	Bellefonte
Abram Baum	Wholes'le	do
Joel Kling jr	Tavern	Marion
Robert Taylor	Tavern	Philipsburg boro

A. WILLIAMS, Proth'y.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat, 1 30.
Red " 1 30.
Rye, 50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $4 25 to $5 00.
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Potatoes, 30c. per bush.
Flour, per bbl, $7.
Butter, 22c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 20c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.50
" Stove, 4 50.
" Chestnut, 4.25.
" Pea, 3.00.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $ 7 50. retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 30.
Red " 1 30.
Rye, 55.
Corn, shelled, 50
Corn, cob, 40.
Oats, 25.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $4 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.
Potatoes, .25.
Onions, .50c.
Butter, per lb., .22c.
Lard,
Bacon, sides, .10c.
" shoulders, 10c.
" Hams, 14c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood Disorders. None genuine unless signed, "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cts for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th st. Philadelphia. 3jan 1y ar 3p

GET READY

FOR WINTER!!

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

PARLOR STOVES,

Buy the

"Laurel Wreath."

(Single or DOUBLE HEATERS.)

These stoves have TWO ROWS of lights, shaking and dumping grate, arranged to clean out the clinkers. No danger from gas, no parts to burn out, so as to let gas into the upper room. We make THREE SIZES of Single and TWO SIZES of Double Heaters of these justly popular Stoves.

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

Cooking Stoves,

BUY THE

"ZENITH,"

Double Oven Range; or the

"Economy,"

Single Oven Range.

They are the best in the market, have SIX BOILER HOLES, shaking and dumping grate, APPLY THE HEAT TO ALL THE BOILERS AT ONCE. The oven is large and square, the doors tin-lined. The PLATES ARE HEAVY, unlike the light plates of city stoves—COMPARE THEM. We make a No. 8 and No. 9 of both these ranges.

All these stoves are WARRANTED, and you can get repairs from the Manufactory in one day.

For Sale by

J. A. REESMAN, Centre Hall.
J. B. FISHER, Penn Hall,
SNOOK, SMITH & CO., Millheim,
G. R. SPIGELMYER, Woodward,

Manufactured by the *SLIFER, WALLS & SHRINER* M'f'g Co.

LEWISBURG, PA.

We also manufacture the Celebrated *BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER*, KEYSTONE CLOVER HULLER, COLE'S UNIVERSAL SULKY CULTIVATOR, New Model, Centre Draft, HORSE DUMPING HAY RAKE, HOOSIER GRAIN DRILL, BUCKEYE LEVER CORN SHELLER, Plows, Land Rollers, etc. 29nov

VALENTINES & CO.,

HUMES' NEW BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

ARE NOW PREPARED

For The Fall And Winter Trade.

Bargians Greater Than Ever!

WOOLLEN GOODS, COTTON GOODS, Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Of every description. DRESS GOODS, in great variety. LADIES COATS, finest and largest assortment ever brought to Bellefonte.

SHAWLS,
BLANKETS,
HATS,
CAPS,
CLOTHING,

IN FACT EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING.

Remember we do business on the ONE PRICE PLAN, and therefore insure our prices as the lowest.

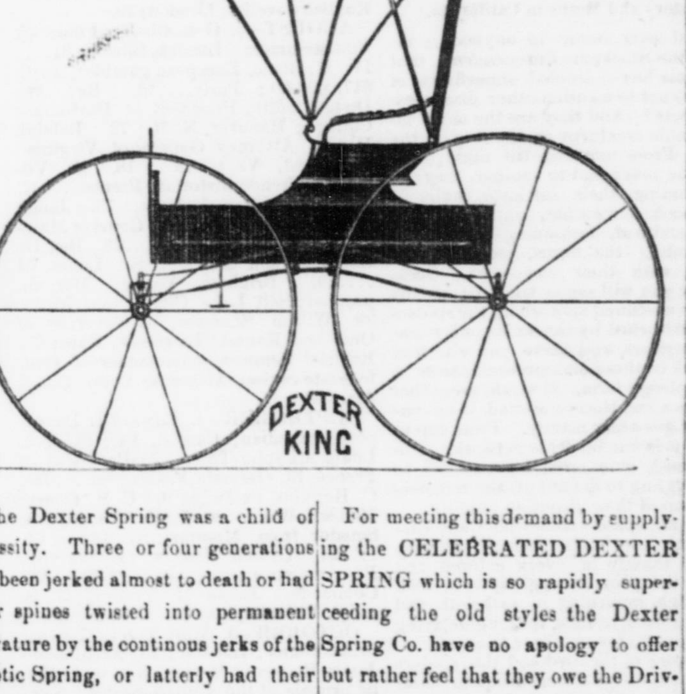
☞ NEW GOODS OPENING EVERY DAY.

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

THE DexterSpring

40,000 Set Sold last two years.



The Dexter Spring was a child of necessity. Three or four generations had been jerked almost to death or had their spines twisted into permanent curvature by the continous jerks of the Eliptic Spring, or latterly had their necks broken by the side throw of the Concord.

For these reasons the people demanded a Spring on which they could ride with ease and which would at the same time be strong and substantial.

For meeting this demand by supplying the CELEBRATED DEXTER SPRING which is so rapidly superceeding the old styles the Dexter Spring Co. have no apology to offer but rather feel that they owe the Driving Fraternity an apology for *not having* produced it sooner.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF SPRINGS TO

DEXTER SPRING CO., HULTON, PA. Near Pittsburgh. 3jan20t

HENRY BROCKERHOFF, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits, And Allow Interest, Discount Notes, Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold & Coupons. ap10'68tf

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers. 17 aug tf. H. E. ZERBE

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Sparr, late of Harris township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

DAVID E. SPARR, DANIEL HESS, Executors. 20dec6t

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the Honorable John Divens, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 11 day of Jan, A. D., 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Jan. being the 28th day of Jan. 1878, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Alderman and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do these things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Jan, in the year of our Lord, 1877, and in the 101 year of Independence o the United States.

LEVI MUNSON Sher

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1.25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

Chas. H. Held, Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler

Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

All kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS, Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my8-73tf

Coal and Lumber.

J. D. LONG,

SPRING MILLS, PA,

is now fully prepared to furnish all kinds of Coal and Lumber, upon short notice. His coal are kept under roof, and are from the

WILKESBARRE COAL MINES

BEST COAL IN MARKET.

Also

SHAMOKIN COAL

all of which are sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

Yard near Depot. 20dec 3m

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The Morning Street.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

Alone I walk the morning street,
Fill'd with the silence vague and sweet;
All seems as strange, as still, as dead
As if unnumber'd years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky;
The light wind walks with me alone
Where the hot day flame-like was blown,
Where the wheels roar'd, the dust was beat;
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the moon shines?—the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud—
The myriad faces—hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps in their dreaming maze
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

A city of the world's prime gray,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew—
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art—
Were not more strange to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of life upheav'd on either side,
Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmed solitude;
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
The busy place in dust and heat,
Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet;
The Arachne-threads of purpose stream
Unseen within the morning gleam;
The life shall move, the death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together face to face shall meet
And pass within the morning street.

SMALL EXPECTATIONS.

It is generally supposed by our family, and those who know us well, that my Uncle Buncle would "leave me something" at his demise. In fact, I thought so myself. Our reasons for this belief being these:

First. When I was a little girl, though he took no notice whatever of other little girls, he always patted me on the head when we met, and said: "Ha, ha! here you are, Hetty."

Secondly. When I was a big girl, and went to school, he always chucked me under the chin on holiday occasions, and inquired: "Well, what are they teaching you, Hetty?"

Thirdly. When I had grown to be a woman, he established the following form of greeting as a permanent thing: "H'm! how do you do?"

Fourthly. He never took notice of any one else in so many words, but merely nodded to all other mortals.

Fifthly. When I was married, he presented me with an antediluvian tortoise shell comb, once the property of the late Mrs. Buncle, and of a preposterous fashion, said to have been in vogue at a remote date, the back half a foot high, and elaborately carved. As he disapproved of weddings generally, and never before had been known to give the bride anything but a scolding, this was really something to build upon—though, by the way, I offended him sorely by refusing to wear the horrible thing to the altar upon my wedding day.

Now of course I did not wish Uncle Buncle to die, nor could I have done so had I been certain that, on his decease I should have become a millionaire; still we know that all flesh is mortal, and Uncle Buncle was like the rest of the world in this respect; and when he did depart, it would be a comfort to be the means of presenting Charlie with six thousand pounds.

When we moved to our charming little cottage at Barley Hill, I decided that when Uncle Buncle visited us, I would make him so comfortable that the matter would be quite settled. And, in fact, the spare room was furnished with an eye to his peculiar tastes, and a large amount of pepper was laid in with which to season his favorite dishes. However, Uncle Buncle declined our invitations persistently; and, having kept our spare room empty for him a long while, we at last informed the rest of our friends who had promised to visit us that we were anxious for their company.

We certainly were. Nothing could have pleased us better than that they should have arrived in a body on one day. But, alas! Barley Hill Cottage had a few disadvantages; among them the fact that there were but four rooms and a bath room—with which, by the way, we had had such an indescribable amount of trouble, on account of our faulty plumbing, that we wished that modern convenience was not in our possession.

Consequently, when one day we had the pleasure of greeting the Misses Jones, the Misses Brown and their mamma, Cousin Clarissa and Mrs. Twit's Miranda Jane, aged nine, we were puzzled. However, necessity is the mother of invention. We apologized to the Misses Brown and their mamma for putting them all three together into the spare room. We resigned ours without a murmur to the Misses Jones. We begged Cousin Clarissa to excuse us for giving her the sofa bedstead in the parlor, and made a couch with three chairs and a bolster for Miranda Jane in a cornor cupboard. Then Charlie improvised a bed over the bath; and after draping the machinery with curtains, and making up a valance for the side of the bath, I really felt quite proud of our handiwork. And we had fairly began to enjoy ourselves among our friends, when late one warm afternoon some one rapped at the door, and I was greeted with, "H'm! and how do you do?"

It was Uncle Buncle, and he had come to stay.

"Delighted," I gasped.

"Charmed to see you, sir," said Charlie.

Then we exchanged glances, and each mutely asked the other, "Where shall we put him?"

Echo answered, "Where?"

"So glad you've come," I said again.

Uncle Buncle answered, "Thanks." He had seized upon this one fashionable variation with advidity, because it seemed to do away with the personal politeness involved in the words, "Thank you."

"Thanks. Like to go to my room at once—wash my hands."

His room—he must be taken somewhere; not to the spare bedroom, for there Mrs. Jones and daughter were dressing for dinner; nor to ours, for there the Misses Brown were crimping their tresses. So perforce I led him to the bath-room, and there left him to sacrifice to the graces.

"Remarkable bedstead that of yours," he said, when he returned to us. "Some new patent, I suppose. Very rieketty, generally, those new patents. Old fashioned things much the best--much. However, curtains all very well—like old times. Ah, everything dreadfully changed—dreadfully!"

To which we, the guilty parties, answered only by blushes.

That night Uncle Buncle slept upon our couch, and we sat up in the kitchen. We bore it very well for a while; but finally, maddened with want of sleep, Charlie, supporting his aching head, inquired of me in a plaintive whine, "Why didn't you kick the old brute out, Hetty?"

"Don't, dear," I pleaded. "I know it's very uncomfortable; but still, though he is rough and unpleasant, think of the six thousand pounds!"

"Nonsense!" said Charlie. "He'll outlive us; look at his constitution. A crusty old curmudgeon, without a civil word for any one."

"My dear," I remonstrated, "don't speak so loud. Of course we are suffering on these hard chairs, but think of the beds of down six thousand pounds will buy! Don't be angry. I think I shall wear the comb while uncle stays."

"The what?" asked Charlie.

"The comb he gave me," I said.

"You shan't put the hideous thing on your head," said Charlie.

"Six thou—" I began.

"Six thousand racks and thumbscrews! You may enjoy sitting up all night on a kitchen chair for an old fellow who may, or may not, choose to leave you something when he dies," said Charlie; "I don't. He asked me not to smoke this evening, too!"

And I never felt so sorry for any one as I did for that poor fellow, with his hair all tossed about, his eyelids heavy with sleep, his feet on one chair, and his head against the side of the mantelpiece; but, in spite of all, I resolved that Uncle Buncle should stay as long as he chose—yes, stay, though we slept in the coal cellar, or did not sleep at all; for think of my joy when, some time in our life—some time when it was, perhaps, most wanted—I should fly into Charlie's arms, and say to him: "My dear, you are worth six thousand pounds; and I have won it for you by never allowing myself to be put out by Uncle Buncle!"

The next morning I wore my gigantic comb. The Misses Jones giggled, and Miss Brown laughed outright. No matter; Uncle Buncle's good-will was worth more than anything else. I bore their smiles like a martyr, and only fretted because, after all, my uncle did not look perfectly satisfied. On the contrary, although he had a habit of scowling, I had never seen him scowl so much as he did that morning. He sneered at the milk, and scoffed at the butter, pooh-poohed the rolls and described to us, with his mouth full, breakfasts which he had eaten elsewhere, which were what breakfasts ought to be; and, ever and anon, he cast towards my unhappy self a glance of inexplicable disapproval.

However, he stayed with us through the week, growing more ill-tempered as time passed on. I shall never forget that week—the weary nights during which we tried to take naps on chairs, or reposed on the kitchen table—the humilation and self-contempt I suffered when I permitted myself to be scolded Charlie to be snubbed, and our guests to be sneered at by Uncle Buncle—the persistency with which I wore that awful comb—the things I said that I did not mean—the manner in which I abused myself, slaved myself, and suppressed myself. I shut up the house at nine to please Uncle Buncle. I locked up the piano for the same reason. I did it all, not for love of him, or respect for him, but because of his six thousand pounds.

Dear Charlie, who worked so hard, and was so kind to me, and so tender of me, might some day have reason to rejoice that he had married poor little me.

At last, one evening, Uncle Buncle said, as he took his bedroom candle: "Shall go to town to-morrow. Air here don't agree with me;" and vanished without so much as a nod.

"Charlie," I said, as I accommodated myself to circumstances on the kitchen dresser, with my waterproof cloak around me and rag bag under my head; "try to bear up this one night longer. After all, it is worth it."

"Mark my words," said Charlie, from the window sill, with his big great overcoat for a pillow; "mark my words, Hetty, you'll never get anything but rudeness from that old fellow."

"And mark my words, Charlie," I said; "this will happen. After we've struggled on, perhaps to middle age, and begin to feel as though we should always be poor, one day—you know he's seventy now—Uncle Buncle will leave this world for a better."

"I don't know," said Charlie, doubtfully.

"And we," I went on, "will be sorry. But nevertheless——"

"No humbug, Hetty," said Charlie.

"I shall be sorry," I said; "but nevertheless we'll not grieve bitterly, of course."

"Of course not," said Charlie.

"And we'll sit talking over the news, when some one will inquire for you; and being shown in, will prove to be Uncle Buncle's lawyer, who will say: 'Sir, it is my duty to inform you that my lamented client, Mr. Buncle, prior to his decease, signed a will which leaves all his fortune to your wife, his niece.'"

There I paused.

"What is that?" cried Charlie.

"Oh, what is it?" I echoed.

"Help!" screamed Uncle Buncle's voice. "Fire! Murder! Help! help!"

"Oh! Police!" screamed Mrs. Jones.

"Somebody! somebody!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Cousin Charlie!" screamed Cousin Clarissa from the sofa, "your poor Uncle Buncle is being murdered!"

"Ow! ow! Oo-o-w! cried Miranda Jane from the store-room.

And above it all we heard a sound as of many waters.

"What is it, love?" I asked. "What can have happened?"

"That confounded pipe has burst again," said Charlie, "and Uncle Buncle is drowning in the bath-room!"

In a moment I comprehended all. The Barley Hillites were proud of having a good provision of water from Barley river throughout the town. But the arrangements for the supply had not been of the first order, and the consequences was that every house had been flooded in turn, that the main street had been inundated twice, and the reservoir burst as often. At this unfortunate moment, when Uncle Buncle reposed in the deceitful arms of the bath, without an idea of his danger, the pipe above his head had given way, and the flood of water poured itself out upon him. The door was locked inside. We heard him sputtering and swearing. In our agitation, we could do nothing but pound upon the panels and implore him to come out.

At last he appeared wrapped in a drenched dressing gown, scowling, stamping, howling, half mad with rage, and shivering with cold, snatched a lamp from my hand, and dived into the room again. We heard the bed go flop into the water; we heard the pillows follow it. Our deception was discovered.

"By George!" yelled Uncle Buncle in the voice of a sea captain in a storm—"by George! they've put me to sleep in the bath!"

From that time until he stepped into the train next morning, he vouchsafed us no other word. And from that time we never saw or heard from him again. When he died, however, we were unexpectedly summoned to the reading of his will, as being parties mentioned therein. We went. The will left the bulk of the property to a hospital; and we were mentioned thus:

"And I desire it to be known by all interested, that this will, which I, being in my right mind, have signed and attested, makes null and void a former one in which I had made my niece, Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, my sole heiress. The reasons for her disinheritance being these: Firstly, she did for a week's time disrespectfully, ungratefully, indecently, and by infamous deception, cause me to sleep in a bath, to the great detriment of my health and nervous system; and secondly, she proved her extravagance by wearing on ordinary occasions, and while occupied at household work, a certain tortoise shell comb which I presented to her, and which the late Mrs. Buncle, a pattern woman in every respect, never wore save at weddings and funerals. In consequence, I bequeath to the same Mrs. Hetty Hope, born Hopkins, only the expression of my indignation."

"Blood Rain."

The cause of red, or blood rain, is due to the presence of earthly substances which have been carried up by winds, mingled with and borne along by the clouds and currents of air, and fall with the rain when condensation reaches the point when the moisture is precipitated. Many ofth ese occurrences are on record. In the fall of 1846 such a rain fell in the south of France, which upon analysis, showed seventy-three organic formations that were peculiar to South America, proving that the coloring matter of the rain must have come from this continent, and been carried across the Atlantic. These showers are not uncommon. An extensive one is reported in 1862, extending from Paris to Newfoundland; another in 1863, and a very remarkable one March 10, 1869. They are more common in Europe than in this country, and much of the coloring matter comes from the desert of Sahara.

The Heroism of Washington.

A careful study of the history of Valley Forge cannot be too earnestly recommended to all who would fully comprehend the greatness of the character of Washington. At no other period of the war does it seem so purely heroic, and at no other time does the patriot cause appear to have been in equal danger of ruin. To this day it seems a miracle that the little army was kept together at all. He gave forty-five years to the service of his country, but in what year of them all did he do so much to save and to establish it? Superior to evil fortune, stronger than the elements, and wiser than all the delegated wisdom of the colonies, hardly knowing in whom he might confide or what professed friend might prove a virulent foe, his military genius undervalued and maligned by men who were unworthy to hold his stirrup, he seems never to have lost either his equanimity or his hope. Contrast Washington at Valley Forge, his naked little band shivering around him, with Napoleon selfishly flying from the wreck of the most magnificent army which ever trod the plains of Europe. We feel, as we contemplate the spectacle, that Washington was "all in all to the cause." Any other man might have destroyed it by presumptuous ambition, by an overestimate of his own ability, or, on the other hand, by a natural incapacity to manage the peculiar resources confided to him. It may be truly said that no historical character has so grown in the estimation of mankind. There are other revolutionary personages who are still remembered freshly, in whom we see faults and even weaknesses. From these, Washington was not utterly free, for he was human; but can another be found who erred so seldom, who discovered and repaired his error so promptly, who was so wise and yet so simple, who was so utterly incapable of submitting to defeat while even a desperate chance of success remained, or who did the work which his hands found to do, despite innumerable obstructions and difficulties, so persistently and so thoroughly?—*New York Tribune.*

A Confidence Trick.

On Sunday evening, says a late number of a St. Louis paper, a well-dressed young man called in a West End Methodist church, and asked one of the deacons if he knew who had the collection money of the morning service.

The deacon informed the young man that the money contributed that morning to the service of the Lord was at his residence; and he added the inquiry: "May I ask the reason of your question?"

"Certainly," the courteous young man answered; "I attended the ministration of the Gospel this morning at this church, and, desiring to aid the cause, I dropped my humble mite into the plate. I thought it was a silver piece of currency, but I find now that it was a piece of Canadian money which I value highly as a pocket piece."

The worthy deacon recollected that a piece of Canadian money was found among the coins, and he told the young man that there would be no trouble in getting it. But at present the whole collection of money was at his house. However, when he went home he would pick out the particular coin and bring it down town to his place of business the next morning. The young man said to save trouble he would call at the deacon's house on Monday morning. This was agreed to, and the deacon's address was given to the stranger. This wicked young man then went straight to the deacon's house and made the bold statement that he had been sent for the morning's collection to take it back to church, in order that Deacon —— might pick out a certain valued coin which an old gentleman had inadvertently dropped in. The ladies of the household believed the young man, and had they known where the money-bag was kept they would have handed it to him in all confidence; but fortunately they did not know. The deacon's partner in business, who lived in the house, was asked whether he knew where it was kept. He did, but he possessed to much worldly wisdom to be taken in by the young man's story and good-looking face. There were about sixty dollars in the collection.

Spiders and Moths in California.

Did it ever occur to anybody, inquires the Stockton *Independent*, that California has a decided superfluity of spiders, not to mention other disagreeable insects? And they are the most indefatigable creatures on the face of the earth. From morning till night, and from one year's end to another, they go on spinning their intricate webs in every nook and corner, on every tree, shrub and leaf, festooning the fences, enshrouding the barns, covering the houses, with their net work. Occasionally you will see a tree that stands in some sheltered spot where the spiders are undisturbed by the winds or by human intruders, and there you will find the work of these omnipresent insects in its completest form. It would seem that the fairies had thrown around it an enchanted gossamer mantle. From top to bottom it is one intricate network. The imprisoned, smothered leaves seem to be struggling to get out of the remorseless grasp of their liliputian captors.

After the spiders comes the California dust, the inevitable dust of summer, lodging thickly in every cobweb, and making the poor, struggling trees look as though mourning in sackcloth and ashes for their friends, the long-delaying raindrops, that seem never to come.

The work of the dust and the spiders gives the California vegetation in summer an air of uninviting desolation. Even the fairest orchards are thus clothed. We know of no characteristic of California more disagreeable than her superabundance of spiders. And what a country for moths! Eastern housekeepers who come here unwarned, too often take their best clothes from trunks and closets riddled and ruined by moths.

The climate that is so conducive to the growth of marvelous fruits, vegetables, grasses, and cereals, is likewise favorable to the existence of the most disagreeable insects. These are some of our drawbacks, to seldomed mentioned, perhaps.

Burning Diamonds.

In the year 1694 it was discovered by actual experiment, at Florence, that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III. had one fixed in the focus of a burning glass, and, after some exposure to th rays of the sun, it cracked, corruscated, and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only a sovereign prince who could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting-furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burned in France. A jeweler named Le Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done the same, with success But Le Blanc only knew half of what Mr. Streeter knows, and when the chemists demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in coal in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared. Then another jeweler, Maillard by name, who seems to have had a suspicion of the scientific truth, put three diamonds into an earthern bowl pipe, packed in powdered charcoal, and exposed them without injury to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved in 1776 that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in a furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, with which the carbon combines, allows the diamond to burn like a piece of coal.

APPLE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take mellow sour apples, greenings are the best; chop the same as for mince pies; make a rich batter, with rather more eggs than usual; put in all the apple it will bear and hold together in baking.

NECROLOGY.

Prominent Persons Who Have Died in 1877.

JANUARY—3. Gen. J. J. Abercrombie, U. S. army; Roslyn, L. I.; 73....4. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt; New York; 83....3. Rev. Alexis Caswell, President of Brown University; Providence, R. I.; 78....15. Ethar Shepley, ex-Chief Justice of Maine and ex-United States Senator; Portland, Me.; 87....17. Rear Admiral Joseph Smith, U. S. navy; Washington; 86....26. Daniel Haines, formerly Governor and Judge of Supreme Court of New Jersey; Hamburg, N. J.; 73....28. Signor Blitz, magician; Philadelphia; 66.

FEBRUARY.—4. N. T. Changarnier, senior General of the French army; Paris; 70....6. Col. John O'Mahoney, Irish patriot and exile; New York; 60. Rear Admiral James Alden, U. S. navy; San Francisco; 68....8. Rear Admiral Charles Wilkes, U. S. navy; Washington; 76....10. Rear Admiral Theodorus Bailey, U. S. navy; Washington; 72....11. Sir Wm. Fergusson, eminent English surgeon; London; 69....18. Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis, U. S. navy; Annapolis, Md.; 70....20. Rear Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, United States navy; Washington; 71....21. Maj. Gen. Amos B. Eaton, U. S. army; New Haven, Ct.; 71.... 25. Gen A. Von Steinwehr, U. S. volunteers; Buffalo, N. Y....27. Ex-Gov. Joseph Johnson, of Virginia; 92.

MARCH—2. Joel T. Hart, American sculptor; Florence, Italy; 67....3. George Odger, representative of the workingmen of England....6. F. J. Moses, Chief Justice of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C....7. Matilda Heron, actress; New York; 46....8. Gen. John F. Benjamin, U. S. volunteers, former M. C. from Missouri; Washington; 60....10. Baroness Rothschild; Europe.....12. Mme. Octovia Walton Le Vert, authoress; Augusta, Ga....18 Emory Washburne, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, Cambridge, Mass.; 77....25. Walter Bagehot, English political and financial writer; England.

APRIL—3. Capt. Frederick Lahrbush, military adventurer; New York; 111. Amos Morse, former U. S. Senator from Maryland; 82....10. Commodore Joseph D. Marvin, U. S. navy; Yokahama, Japan....11. Ross Winans, millionaire and mechanician; Baltimore, Md.; 80....22. Gen. William E. Lathrop, Commander of the Grand Commandery of the United States, Rochester, N. Y.; 83....29. Rev. William G. Brownlow, former Governor of Tennessee; Knoxville, Tenn.; 72.

MAY—9. Commodore Benjamin J. Totten, U. S. navy; New Bedford, Mass.; 71....14. Charles H. Bryan, ex-Judge supreme court of California; Carson, Nev. H. H. Emmons, Judge U. S. court; Detroit, Mich....17. Edmund Quincy, author; Dedham, Mass.; 70.... 19. Edward Kent, ex-Governor of Maine; Bangor, Me.; 75....23. Wm. H. C. Hosmer, poet; Avon, N. Y.; 63....29. John Lothrop Motley, historian; Dorsetshire, Eng.; 63. Fletcher Harper, publisher; New York; 71.

JUNE—4. Sophia Frederica Matilda, Queen of Holland; 59....7. Edwin White, historical painter; Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; 60....13. Ludwig III. Grand Duke of Hesse; Darmstadt, Germany; 71....14. Gen. Fredrick Henningsen, filibuster and author; Washington; 62....15. Lady Sterling Maxwell, authoress; London, England; 70....17. Geo. T. Davis, former M. C. from Massachusetts; Portland, Me. Daniel D. Pratt, former Congressman from Indiana; Logansport, Ind.; 64....18. John S. C. Abbott, historian; New Haven, Ct.; 71....22. Commodore John R. Goldsborough, U. S. navy; Philadelphia; 69....24. Robert Dale Owen, author, socialist and ex-Congressman from Indiana; Lake George, N. Y.; 73.

JULY—1. Robinson Palmer, first Senator from Maine; Perry, Me.; 91.... 2. Samuel D. Evans, former M. C. from Texas; Washington; 68....7. Cardinal Angelis; Rome, Italy; 85....20. Thomas Placide, actor; Tom's river, N. J.; 70....27. Joseph H. Tuthill, former M. C. from New York; Ellenville, N. Y.; 63....29. Hon. George Ward Hunt, First Lord of the English Admirality; Hamburg, Germany; 62....30. Commodore J. W. Swift, U. S. navy; Geneva, N. Y....31. Samuel Warren, English novelist; London; 70.

AUGUST—3. Gen. Charles Frederick Von Steinmetz; Landek, Silesia; 81.... 11. M. Blanc, European gambler, worth $17,000,000; Paris....16. Rev. Asa Dodge Smith, President of Dartmouth College; Hanover, N. H.; 72. Raleigh Daniel, Attorney General of Virginia; Richmond, Va.; 72....18. M. Villiaume, French historian, France....27. Cardinal Bizarri; Italy; 75. James Ware, ex-Justice Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Salem, Mass....28. Ben De Bar, actor and manager; St. Louis; 64....29. Brigham Young, Mormon prophet; Salt Lake City; Utah; 76.... 30. Wilson Shannon, ex-Governor of Ohio and Kansas; Lawrence, Kan.; 75. Raphael Semmes, commander of Confederate cruiser Alabama; Point Clear, Ala.; 68.

SEPTEMBER—1. Edward L. Davenport, tragedian; Canton, Pa.; 61....3. Louis Adolphe Thiers, ex-President of France; St. Germain, France; 80....Jas. C. Hopkins, ex-Judge of U. S. Court; Madison, Wis....20. Louis V. Bogy, U.S. Senator from Missouri; St. Louis; 64.....23. Urbain Joseph Le Verrier, French astronomer; Paris; 66....26. Commodore James M. Frailey, U. S. navy; Philadelphia: 67.

OCTOBER—3. Mlle. Teresa Titiens, prima donna; London; 43. Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, Roman Catholic primate of the United States; Newark, N. J; 63....7. Edward Granville Eliot, former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; London; 79....George L. Fox, pantomimist; Cambridge, Mass; 52....Edwin Adams, actor; Philadelphia; 44.... 29. Gen. N. B. Forrest, Confederate army; Memphis, Tenn.

NOVEMBER—1. Oliver Morton, U.S. Senator from Indiana; Indianapolis, Ind.; 54. Field Marshal Wrangel, of the Prussian army; Berlin, Ger.; 93....7. Amelia, Queen Dowager of Saxony; Dresden, Saxony; 75....17. Geo. S. Bangs, former Superintendent of Railway Mail Service; Washington, 52; Paul Boudet, former Senator and Minister of France; Paris; 77....24. Moses H. Grinnell, ex-Congressman from New York; New York; 64....30. Commodore Charles H. B. Caldwell, U. S. navy; Waltham, Mass.; 56.

DECEMBER—7. Benjamin Huger, Confederate Major General; Charleston, S.C.; 71....12. George W. Rawson, Justice of Supreme Court of New York; Lyons, N. Y....15. Lord Henry Percy, General in the English army; London; 60....17. Gen. D'Aurelle de Paladines, French army; Paris; 73....18. Charles Clarke, ex-Governor of Mississippi and Confederate General; Mississippi; 67.

Sin Chun's Dog.

Sin Chun nourished in his household a dog to which he was much attached. One day as Sin Chun was sleeping heavily in a thicket the governor of the province, who was out on a hunting expedition, chanced to pass and ordered the grass of the thicket to be fired in order to frighten from it whatever game it might hide. The dog tugged at Sin Chun's clothing, but could not arouse him; then running to a stream hard by plunged into it, and returning to where his master lay rolled himself over and over, wetting the grass. This performance he repeated several times, till he had so saturated the ground that his master was safe from the flames; then, exhausted and cruelly burned he laid down by his master's side and died. Sin Chun, awakening, was not slow to comprehend the danger to which he had been exposed and the means by which it had been averted. With many tears he carried home the body of the dog, wrapped it in a costly shroud and placed it in a handsome tomb, which the governor caused to be called ever afterward "The Tomb of the Faithful Dog."

A well-known professional, not renowned for politeness, saw an Irish artisan waiting in his hall. "Hello, you fellow, do you want me?" "No, yer honner, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

In Minnesota there is an extensive manufactory of Limburger cheese which uses the milk of 120 cows.

A HUMORIST'S LECTURE.

What the Burlington "Hawk-Eye" Editor Knows of Mustaches.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, appeared quite at home in the pulpit of the Hanson Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, says a New York paper. His lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache" was received with apparent delight. He followed the history of the average boy, whom, to personify, he called Tom, through the trials of childhood and youth, describing minutely his efforts at a mustache. Tom is unfortunate enough to suffer from his mother's tonsorial arts. She gnaws around his terrified locks with shears that have cut miles and miles of calico, snuffed innumerable candles, trimmed lamp wicks, opened oyster cans, pried up carpet-tacks, cleaned and trimmed the family nails, and many and many a time have done their level best to cut stove-pipe. She perseveres until from the effects of this ever-recurring season for cropping his locks Tom becomes an object of terror in the neighborhood. Finally, impelled by fate, he sits down in a barber's chair, and musters courage to call for "a shave," when an Esau darkens the door and he has his hair cut again. The barber finds the boy's closely cut head a very old pasturage for his ordinary apparatus, so he holds Tom's hair in his teeth and files it, then burnishes it, and finally parts it with a straight-edge and scratch-all. Long before this epoch in Tom's history he has cast longing eyes on the ancestral shaving machine at home. It is not necessary to follow the process by which he obtains possession of the paternal razor, but it is scarce in his keeping before the blade buckles on him. "First blood" is claimed and allowed for the steel. He manages to nick it, but consols himself with the thought that his "father will never notice it." He soaks it with water at 950 degrees Farenheit and slaps it against his cheek, as he has seen his father do—and swears as he had never heard his father swear. A series of grimaces contort the upper lip into proper shape to receive the razor. All at once Tom, perceiving the embarrassing nearness of the nose, falls to speculating why a man's upper lip is so situated that he himself cannot get at it except by standing on his head.

After a long and exciting "tilt," Tom's upper lip suggested a free fight in a straw-cutter. In time Tom gets his mustache to that stage where it can be felt—is felt, soft felt. His sister suggests that he shave it with a spoonful of cream and the family cat, and at this raillery he smiles, but with a smile that looks as though it had come up there to weep at the bareness of the landscape. The mustache is very short in the middle and very—no longer at the ends. Meanwhile he falls in love with somebody, which causes a necktie epidemic, in which he tries to find colors that will match his mustache or Laura's dress. He brushes his mustache to make it stand out, and waxes it to make it lie down; he prays for it and swears at it, and resorts to "magic dyes," that are "warranted not to stain or injure the skin." The first application blackens his lip so much that the room gets darker—but each individual hair is unstained and untainted. Rigged out in boots too short at both ends he formulates nice speeches on his way to see Laura. He passes from the weather to philosophy, poetry and to—business, all in imagination. But as he nears the door he feels his ideas breaking up like an early spring. His thoughts—each, every, all and several, on all subjects that he ever knew about or ever hoped to learn of—vanished. His record that night as he leaves her home convinces him that he is not a very brilliant, original, conversational success. His pillow that night contains more sleeplessness than the mosquito that sat up all night to sample a martyr's blood. He hates everybody, and though he may live to be as old as an army overcoat he will never again feel the same degree of ecstatic wretchedness and heavenly forlornness as he feels that night.

Mr. Burdette saw Tom safely taken up, "if not taken in," by Laura, triumphantly interview "pa" and "ma"; described the altercation between these two about Tom, until "the debate closed and they went into executive session;" told how he demurely put together much "disjointed stove-pipe, both ends of each piece of which was bigger than any of the other ends in the lot," and finally left him and Laura with another Tom, so irrepressible that the sire has to hire a brass band to keep from being lonesome when his hopeful scion is out.

Grange Statistics.

The following figures show the number of Granges in existence in each State at the last annual report, the number of paid-up members reported, and the number of new Granges organized since the beginning of the Grange year:

State.	Granges.	Members.	New Granges.
Alabama	340	11,200	3
Arkansas	321	11,344	1
California	173	9,665	10
Connecticut	13	328	
Delaware	25	960	
Florida	94	2,984	3
Georgia	277	10,161	2
Illinois	646	12,639	7
Indiana	1,145	48,959	1
Iowa	1,018	32,019	1
Kansas	874	24,658	4
Kentucky	1,003	35,933	2
Louisiana	264	9,750	3
Maine	218	11,773	7
Maryland	148	9,859	3
Massachusetts	86	3,776	1
Michigan	593	29,901	5
Minnesota	295	9,330	2
Mississippi	449	20,606	2
Missouri	974	42,529	8
Nebraska	361	9,867	2
Nevada	9	214	
New Hampshire	77	3,947	4
New Jersey	99	4,923	1
New York	320	16,184	7
North Carolina	240	7,562	5
Ohio	1,214	53,977	16
Oregon	216	8,544	1
Pennsylvania	626	28,174	20
South Carolina	232	8,440	2
Tennessee	492	19,411	6
Texas	902	38,149	11
Vermont	208	10,908	5
Virginia	479	16,041	14
West Virginia	295	9,376	8
Wisconsin	294	12,385	
Arizona	1	20	1
Colorado	43	1,653	
Dakota	26	697	
Idaho	9	378	1
Montana	25	888	
Indian Territory	8	231	
Washington	68	1,963	

Sorrowful Story of a Depositor.

She descended the steps of the savings bank, says the Reading (Pa.) *Eagle*, and her eyes, red and inflamed, were full of tears. The woman, about thirty-five, had been weeping in the bank, and her woe seemed to be too deeply seated to release her at once. She was asked her story. In her trembling hands she clasped a well-kept bank-book, in an envelope musty and brown. It showed a deposit of $167. Her thin lips quivered and a fresh deluge of tears came as she tried to tell of her tronbles. "It was all we had in the world, sir. Days and nights Dennis and I have worked and saved, sir. Every penny we saved together, and did without clothes and things so that we might save something for us and the children when we're old. Dennis has been away these three weeks looking for work, and he brought me the news that the bank was shut up. I heard that a bank had shut, but I never dreamed it was ours. O, Lord, this is a terrible blow to us. They just told me they could give no money to me—that they had none." The poor woman could say no more. Her tears told the remainder of her story, and she wept as though her heart would break. There have been many such scenes about the Reading Savings Bank this week.

The Poetical Game.

There is an interesting game which requires all who play to answer a question, and introduce a word in rhyme. As, for example, the following: Question—"Oh where, and oh where is my little dog gone?" Word, "stove." Answer:

His little tail was broken,
His little ribs were stove;
A slip-noose for a token
Around his neck was wove;
Then in a darksome passage
They led him forth to die;
One-half was turned to sausage,
The other half to pie.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States

The Rockland County National Bank of Nyack, N. Y., has suspended payment.

The body of Herzberger, the engineer in the New York candy factory, where the recent terrible explosion took place, has been recovered from the ruins.

By an explosion in a mine near Wilkesbarre, Pa., seven persons were injured, one mortally.

Seventy-five thousand tons of Scranton coal were sold in New York at an advance on previous prices.

The trustees of the West Boston Savings Bank voted to close up the institution in the most economical manner possible.

After a trial of several days Mayor Ely withdrew the charge of inefficient and capricious enforcement of the laws, made against the police commissioners of New York.

George M. Brooks' bank of Lowville, N. Y., has suspended payments, the liabilities being placed at $60,000.

At a dinner given to General Banks in Boston Hon. Benjamin F. Butler made a speech, denounciatory of the President for not upholding Packard and Kellogg in Louisiana.

Five buildings were burned in Jamaica, Long Island, and a loss incurred of $12,000; and in Westerly, R. I., several houses were destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at $80,000.

At Boston, Mass., the arrest of George B. Bigelow, a well-known lawyer, took place on the charge of having misappropriated the sum $40,000, which was held in trust by him.

The New York Legislature met in Albany and organized, James W. Husted (Republican) being elected speaker of the assembly.

John Bonner & Co., well-known stock brokers of New York city, failed. The amount involved by their failure is about $1,000,000, and upon the heels of the financial fall of the firm came the suspension of the New York Bankers' and Brokers' Association, of which Mr. Bonner was president, and all of whose available resources he had utilized. Many bankers and brokers had left securities in the hands of the firm as collateral for loans, and these securities could not be found, as Bonner had fled from the city just before the crash.

Three more bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the New York candy manufactory.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met at Harrisburgh and organized.

One hundred failures and assignments were reported in New York in December, the aggregate liabilities of which were nearly $8,000,000.

Miss Lizzie Davis, aged nineteen was stabbed and instantly killed in her home in Ferndale, Pa., by John Haddock, aged twenty-one, who then proceeded to his house, a few doors off, and shot himself through the heart. Jealousy is believed to have led to the double tragedy.

Thomas S. Lambert, ex-president of the American Popular Life Insurance Company, of New York, recently found guilty of perjury in swearing to false statements of the company's condition, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison.

A fire at Salem, N. J., destroyed a number of buildings in the business part of the place, doing damage to the extent of about $40,000.

Two excise bills and a New York city charter amendment have been introduced in the New York Legislature.

At a meeting of the directors of the Bull's Head Bank, of New York, it was resolved to wind up the affairs of the institution.

Governor Conner was inaugurated at Augusta, Me., and Governor Rice at Boston, Mass.

Four of the former managers of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., have been indicted for conspiring to defraud the policy holders, as alleged in the complaint.

The Woburn Five Cent Savings Bank, of Woburn, Mass., has been enjoined from doing futher business; and the Rollinsford Savings Bank, of Salmon Falls, N. H., has given notice that it will pay up depositors as fast as possible and retire from business.

A fire in Harrisburg, Pa., destroyed the malt house of B. M. Greider & Co., causing a loss of $70,000, on which there is $55,300 insurance; and a fire in Franklin, Pa., burned down Bailey's block, causing a loss estimated at $30,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

Several vessels were wrecked and many lives were lost by a severe storm of wind and snow along the Atlantic coast in the vicinity of Cape Cod.

Western and Southern States.

The number of lives loss on Western rivers during the past year—mainly the result of the burning or explosion of steamboats—is seventy, and the pecuniary loss is set down at $5,330 000.

A convention lasting ten days was held in St. Louis by the colored school teachers of Missouri.

The German Savings Bank of Lafayette, Ind., has failed. Its liabilities are placed at $89,000 and nominal assets at $94,000.

While making New Year's calls in Cleveland, Ohio, Charles T. Boyer and C. Meitzer, clerks in a clothing store, were thrown from their buggy. Boyer was instantly killed and Meitzer was seriously wounded.

Colonel F. W. M. Holliday was inaugurated governor of Virginia with much display, this being the first occasion since colonial times that a governor of Virginia has been inaugurated with such imposing public ceremonies.

Recent Western failures: Joseph H. Helmer, of Chicago, real estate and loan broker, with about $150,000 liabilities; Jacob Bunn, of Springfield, Ill., banker, with about $800,000 liabilities, and Hickox & Spears, of San Francisco, bankers, with liabilities unknown.

Seven men were instantly killed by the explosion of two tons of nitro-glycerine that were about to be removed to a railroad car near Negaunee, Mich. The force of the explosion was so terrific that it was felt distinctly three miles away; a locomotive was thrown fifty feet into the air and landed a shapeless wreck, and of the seven men killed three were blown into a thousand fragments.

A wagon containing Mrs. Goodloe and four children was backed by a frightened team off a bridge over the Odin river, near Nashville, Tenn., and all the children were drowned.

According to dispatches from various parts of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin nearly all business was suspended, owing to the extraordinary amount of mud prevailing in the localities mentioned. Every city, town and country road, lane or alley was covered with the liquid nuisance to such an extent that traffic was at a standstill, and farmers ventured out only in cases of necessity, while cattle, hogs and grain and all kinds of produce were kept from market. In Laporte, Ind., six citizens rode through the principal streets in a boat drawn by mules, the mud being nearly two feet thick and in a liquid state.

At Indianapolis Judge Gresham appointed L. A. Millbank receiver of the Anderson, Lebanon and St. Louis railroad on application of the creditors of the road.

The stockholders of the Real Estate Savings Institution of St. Louis resolved to suspend.

Carl Maas and wife, of Crawford county Iowa, locked in their three children, aged respectively one, two and a half and four years, and went to husk corn. During their absence the house caught fire and the three children were burned to death.

A loss of $15,000 was caused by the destruction by fire of six buildings in the business portion of Napoleon, Ohio. They were insured for $8,700.

An immense crowd witnessed the hanging of Jack Harris at Clinton, Tenn., for the murder of Isaac White in 1863. After his crime Harris escaped capture for over twelve years.

Several counties in Virginia were visited recently by an earthquake shock, accompanied by a roaring sound.

The legislature of Maryland organized and listened to the reading of Governor Carroll's message.

The State Savings Bank of Indianapolis, Ind., has gone into liquidation. The assets are stated to be sufficient to cover all liabilities.

From Washington.

At a cabinet meeting Mexican affairs were a subject of conversation, though the discussion was followed by no definite result.

Since the passage of the army bill, the government has paid out over thirty millions in currency, the greater part having been paid as compensation to the officers and men of the army.

The United States treasurer destroyed $1,396,512 in legal tender notes, that sum being eighty per cent. of the amount of national bank circulation issued during the past month.

During the last session of Congress the bills introduced for the erection of public buildings aggregate nearly $6,000,000, the greater part of which is for the South and West.

The New Year's day reception given by the President at the White House was attended by all the army and navy officers, foreign ambassadors and other officials, as well as many private citizens.

Upon representations of Congressmen Schleicher and Mills, of Texas, the President has ordered that a commission of three—two officers of the army and a citizen of Texas—investigate the attack on State troops at El Paso, alleged to have been made by parties from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande.

In December the public debt was reduced $71,623.15.

There was a falling off of $448,000 in the internal revenue receipts during December.

There will be a public sale soon of goods unclaimed and left over from the Centennial exhibition. The articles left behind by exhibitors are numerous, and some of them valuable.

The excess of exports over imports in the United States during the eleven months ended November 30, last, amounts to $124,000,000.

Foreign News.

The British government has consented to mediate between Russia and Turkey, but it is not deemed likely that the former will consent to open negotiations in that manner. The Czar has called for 250,000 troops to reinforce the army.

Eleven buildings were burned by a fire in St. John, N. B. The total loss is about $60,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

At the request of the Spanish government Don Carlos has been expelled from France, and ex-Queen Isabella has written a letter denouncing the expulsion and denying the accusation that she was conspiring with him against the throne of King Alfonso.

Two meetings of workmen, aggregating over 7,000 persons, were held simultaneously in London, the one for and the other against the Turks; and during their progress a fight occurred which lasted over an hour before it was stopped by the police.

General Gourko defeated the Turks at Teskesan, and they retreated to Sophia.

Polledo, Biondo & Co., of Cuba, have failed for $2,000,000 gold.

Some Old Proverbs.

An exchange says: A correspondent asks for the authorship of the old proverb, "He smiles like a basket of chips." It is traceable to a very old date in Shropshire, England, where it was used to describe an unaffected good temper. A quaint old writer quotes it with the added words that explain it: "He smiles like a basket of chips—*i. e.*, of habit and unconsciously."

A lady wishes us to give the origin of the phrase, "He cannot say 'bo (or boo) to a goose.'" There have been many attempts to trace this old proverb. One self-satisfied writer accounts for it by a verse from Burns; but the proverb is more than a century older than the poet. Another traces it to an incident related of Lord Kilmarnock and his son Lord Boyd, who were riding together when they met a poor simpleton, who it was believed had no common sense, but a great knack at rhymes. By previous concert, just as they passed him, one on either side, they each leaned toward him and cried out "Boo!" The supposed simpleton instantly replied:

"There's Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Boyd,
Of manners both are void;
Just like bulls among the kye,
They 'boo' at ilk ane that gangs bye."

It is easy to see from the story itself that this but explains the common use and not the origin of the expression, since the monosyllable that was uttered to startle the swain was already familiar to their lips.

In Dr. Johnson's earliest dictionary was an allusion to "Bo" (on the authority of Temple) as an old northern captain or freebooter, so famous in his line that his name was used to terrify the enemy in a charge, and in latter years to scare children. It is the bugaboo of the nursery. A man of little force has not sufficient energy to cry "Boo" even to a goose.

Cold Feet.

We find this in *Dr. E. B. Foote's Health Monthly*: People generally regard cold feet as a symptom of little consequence. If a person were to speak as playfully of having a bad cough as some do of having cold feet no little surprise would be manifested. Nevertheless, cold feet indicate a condition quite as threatening to the system as a sudden attack of cold and cough.

The remedy usually sought is worse than the disease. Thoughtless young women living in houses having furnaces stand over the register; the older ones sit down and put their feet over it; those having fire places and stoves draw up a chair and "toast their feet;" and there are those who resort to hot water. If any one wishes to produce a condition of chronic cold feet no better means can be used than subjecting the feet to frequent warming at registers, stoves, fire places and in warm water.

An Open Letter. It Speaks for Itself. ROCKPORT, Mass., April 2d, 1877.

MR. EDITOR: Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff," and "inhaling tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose. Yours truly, S. D. REMICK.

Gleason's Publications.

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Frank Leslie, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using your Cocoaine, and think it far preferable to anything I have ever used for the hair."

I Never Felt Better.
Such is the verdict after taking a dose of Quirk's Irish Tea. Sold in packages at 25 cents.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Native	09½	@	09½
Texas and Cherokee	08½	@	0?
Milch Cows	40 00	@	70 00
Hogs—Live	05	@	05½
Dressed	05½	@	06
Sheep	04½	@	06
Lambs	05½	@	06
Cotton—Middling	11½	@	11½
Flour—Western—Good to Choice	5 95	@	6 25
State—Good to Choice	5 50	@	5 50
Buckwheat per cwt	2 25	@	2 65
Wheat—Red Western	1 48	@	1 53
No. 2 Milwaukee	1 35	@	1 37
Rye—State	75	@	77
Barley—State	76	@	77
Barley Malt	68	@	70
Buckwheat	80	@	85
Oats—Mixed Western	40	@	42
Corn—Mixed Western	61	@	63½
Hay, per cwt	50	@	55
Straw—per cwt	40	@	48
Hops.......76's—01 @03 ......77's	11	@	13
Pork—Mess	12 50	@	12 70
Lard—City Steam	08½	@	08½
Fish—Mackerel, No. 1, new	18 00	@	21 00
" No. 2, new	13 00	@	14 00
Dry Cod, per cwt	5 60	@	6 00
Herring, Scaled, per box	16	@	17
Petroleum—Crude.......09½@09½	Refined,		12½
Wool—California Fleece	20	@	25
Texas "	30	@	33
Australian "	44	@	49
State XX	41	@	44
Butter—State	27	@	33
Western Choice	20	@	21
Western—Good to Prime	20	@	15
Western—Firkins	12	@	16
Cheese—State Factory	12	@	13
State Skimmed	10	@	11
Western	09	@	10½
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania	23½	@	24½
BUFFALO.			
Flour	6 25	@	7 40
Wheat—No. 1 Milwaukee	1 33	@	1 37
Corn—Mixed	60½	@	65
Oats	25	@	30
Rye	94	@	98
Barley	82	@	83
Barley Malt	80	@	82
PHILADELPHIA.			
Beef Cattle—Extra	06	@	06½
Sheep	05	@	05½
Hogs—Dressed	08½	@	08½
Flour—Pennsylvania Extra	7 12	@	7 25
Wheat—Red Western	1 52	@	1 53
Rye	65	@	67
Corn—Yellow	60	@	61
Mixed	60	@	61
Oats—Mixed	35	@	37
Petroleum—Crude.......0 ½@09½	Refined,		18½
Wool—Colorado	23	@	28
Texas	22	@	32
California	27	@	33
BOSTON.			
Beef Cattle	06	@	08½
Sheep	06½	@	07½
Hogs	06	@	09
Flour—Wisconsin and Minnesota	7 50	@	9 00
Corn—Mixed	48	@	52½
Oats— "	58	@	59
Wool—Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	43	@	47
California	24	@	35
BRIGHTON, MASS.			
Beef Cattle	08½	@	08½
Sheep	05	@	09½
Lambs	07	@	15
Hogs	07½	@	08
WATERTOWN, MASS.			
Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	5 50	@	6 80
Sheep	5 75	@	7 75
Lambs	7 00	@	9 00

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FOR HOARSENESS AND CROUP,
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FOR WHOOPING COUGH,
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FOR ASTHMA AND INFLUENZA,
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FOR LIVER COMPLAINT,
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THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST.
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